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Wit and Philosophy from the radio talks of America's Humorist

WILL ROGERS

Broadcast during April, May and June, 1930
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delivered by

WILL ROGERS

during the spring
of 1930

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The Priceless Ingredient

IN the City of Bagdad lived Hakeem, the Wise One, and many people went to him for counsel, which he gave freely to all, asking nothing in return.

There came to him a young man who had spent much but got little, who said, "Tell me, Wise One, what shall I do to receive the most for that which I spend?"

Hakeem answered, "A thing that is bought or sold has no value unless it contains that which cannot be bought or sold. Look for the Priceless Ingredient!"

"But what is this Priceless Ingredient?" asked the young man.

Spoke then the Wise One, "My son, the Priceless Ingredient of every product in the market-place is the Honor and Integrity of him who makes it. Consider his name before you buy."

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ARMS CONFERENCE

April 6, 1930

JUST when I was bragging on the radio and thought there was such a wonderful entertainment here they had to lower themselves by resorting to giving a little outline of the story of my life. That shows you how hard up they are for entertainment, when anybody would be interested in anything I—they did have it right about appearing on the stage in 1905. I was carried on as a baby. They took me on there—they wanted a baby in the scene and they took me on and that is my first appearance on the stage.

I started with Mr. Ziegfeld in 1914 as a child prodigy. I was just a little feller, and went in the Follies first on account of chewing gum. I chewed gum for Ziegfeld for twelve years, and never dropped a cud or anything. I was better than a cow that way.

Now tonight all I know is this—just what little I read in the papers during the day. I have been reading an awful lot here lately about other—every editorial you pick up is discontented with the way the disarmament conference is going and they think that Europe is very warlike and that they ought to go on and disarm and agree to everything that we want them to. Now let's just kind a look it over and put ourselves in their position and see what we would do under similar circumstances to them. Suppose you took Germany, for instance, and you trade places with Mexico and you let Germany be living where Mexico is, and then you took France up with our good friends on the North, your Canadians—why you put France up there and they are living there with all the big army and everything, and they live up there and England, we move them into about where Cuba is now, you know. Then Japan comes into Honolulu, around, around the Hawaiian Islands there, you know. Now just surround us with those four gorillas and see how much disarmament we start hollering about, see if we want any disarmament.

You know I don't mind telling you brothers that geography has been mighty good to us. It's wonderful to pay honor to Washington and Lincoln, but I want to tell you we ought to lay out one day a year for the old boy that laid out the location of this country. I don't know who he was, but boy he was a sage, that bird was.

Europe, when I was over there lately and then when I was over there two or three years ago, used to ask me, they says, "Rogers, why is it you all are in so bad?" (you know, nobody seems to like America), and so I had to admit that we was in kinda bad. We are sort of the pole-cat of nations, you know. We wasn't hardly what you would call the world's sweetheart, but after they kept this up for quite a while, I used to casually ask them, I says, "Well, now," be it Englishman or Frenchman or Italian or whatever was, I used to say to him, "Well, we are in bad, but will you just kinda, offhand, just casually name me a list of your bosom friends among other nations?"

Say, listen, they, they, they can't hate us as bad as them, you know. All those nations over there have been hatin' each other for years and they can't hate us as bad as they hate each other, you know, and they wouldn't hate us so bad if they really knew and they wouldn't envy us, I mean, as bad if they knew really how we

was gettin' along. They think we are doing better than we are. They could be doing just as good as we are if they bought as much on credit as we do. They are an ignorant kind of people. They don't know, they just go and pay for anything when they buy it. They don't know you can have nice radios and automobiles and everything and never pay for it, you know. They are awfully funny that way.

They have got it in for each other, you know, because everyone of them owns land. There is not a piece of land in Europe that every nation over there ain't owned it themselves at some particular time, and everyone of them is goin' to try to get it back just as soon as the other bird is not looking.

These conferences and things they started after this war; after the war the conferences started. When the nations quit fightin' they had nothing to do, so they started in to confer and it's always been a matter of doubt as to whether the fightin' wasn't better than the conferrin' is, you know, because we, we, everybody, in fact I know it is with us, we had more friends when we was fightin' than we have now since we started in, into conferrin', you know.

America, a funny thing about us, we never was very good in conference you know. We are great talkers but we are mighty poor conferers, you know. We have a unique record, America has a unique record. We never lost a war and we never won a conference in our lives, and we never did, you know. We can, I think, without any degree of egotism we can say, with our tremendous resources, we can lick any nation in the world single-handed, I think, and yet we can't confer with Costa Rica and come home with our shirts on. I don't know why it is, you know, we, we, we mean well when we go into these conferences, we don't go over there to try to put it over on anybody or we don't go into wars to get anything out of it, we go in with the best intentions in the world.

You've seen men that had good intentions and yet everybody says, "Well, poor fellow, I don't know, he means well but he is just in wrong." That is the way we are when we go over there, you know. Individually we are not bad, but collectively, as a delegation, we are terrible. I don't know why it is.

Half of the unemployed in this country are people that's goin' or comin' from a conference somewhere. I don't know where they've been or they don't know just so they have been to a conference, that's all!

We get into more things for less reason than any nation in the world. Not long ago China wanted to have a war. Now China is an awful peaceful nation, they don't bother nobody; China goes along, attends to their own business and they don't mess with nobody else's. We learned an awful lot of useful things from China, you know, and they are poor people and they don't get much pleasure and they wanted to have a civil war, just have a nice little war among themselves to kinda break the monotony of being a Chinaman. Do you think they could have that war alone? No, they couldn't have it; we was there the day it opened, we was right there, we was the first one there; we got there before the Chinamen did, us and England—there's another old busybody nation; they have to horn into everything, too. We was right there. China don't hurt nobody in the war, they don't fight on rainy days. A Chinaman will get his gun and start marching to war, and he comes to a sign that says, "Rain, no war today." He gets his little rain check and goes back home and waits, you know, for a dry day to shoot somebody when he won' get his gun wet, you know.

Then Nicaragua, they was havin' some trouble. Nicaragua wasn't in trouble,

they just wanted to have a good time down there among themselves and put on a little civil war and just use home talent; they didn't want no outsiders at all, just take up a few among their own people. Do you think they could have a little war, have their little fun? No, we was right there, we had to be there.

Haiti, just the other day a little island down here, Haiti, they wanted to do something you know, the other day they wanted to have a little shootin' and use each other as targets. Well, the day the shootin' was to come off, before they could fire the opening overture we was there, we was right there, there to get in it. We not only sent the marines down, we said, "What's the big idea of having a war?" and we went in. "Where do you guys get that stuff?" See! We sent a commission down, too. The Hāitians or Haītians, I don't know what it is, anyhow they don't mind marines because they have been around these countries and fought with them so much they like the marines, they are likable chaps, you know, and everything, but they told them, "For the Lord's sake send this commission home; we will do anything if you send this commission home." So we got that out of there, you know.

I don't know how we know that all these things are goin' on. We must have scouts out somewhere. It takes a big navy for us and England just to locate somebody else's business.

We are never late; we are always there on opening days; we get right there. We do this, you know, I don't know why. I'll bet you if we ever started taking care of our business once—we, we are awful imitative you know, and we like a thing and it would be such a novelty if we went to takin' care of our own business it would be wonderful, you know, and I guess we would like it, but we are funny people. I bet you right now that they could have, they could have a-a-a-a-an egg layin' contest, we will say, somebody could scare up an egg layin' contest in Czechoslovakia and if America could find out where it was, we would send more delegates and lay less eggs than any nation in the whole hen house.

Good-bye you all. The next time I meet you it will be in a conference somewhere, I don't know. Good-bye.

CHARLES LINDBERGH

April 13, 1930

IT was about 7:30 in the morning at Mexico City and 200,000 people was packed on the field, and on a platform built over a hangar they have got there was the President of Mexico, Mr. Calles, and his staff and his entire cabinet and all the dignitaries of Mexico and Lindy was lost somewheres in the fog. And they waited there all day. He didn't arrive until 3:45 in the afternoon. Yet not a thing was served to eat, not a bite to eat or drink or a thing. You couldn't have walked by and given those Mexicans anything to eat. You know, their minds just wasn't on eating. It was on this boy that was lost in their country coming in to their country—coming in to see them. And that was beautiful and I will never forget Mexico for that.

Now, we won't do it, we won't do it here. I was out on Long Island one time waiting for the Germans and that Irishman to land, and when it come noon, we looked up and we said, "Well, we would like to see the boys come in, but we have got to get a hot dog somewhere." And we went prowling off looking for some.

And when Lindy landed down in Mexico, a funny thing, they didn't have any soldiers to guard his plane. Up here, you know, with these curio hunters, when he landed, we had to have soldiers all around. Somebody would reach in and would get a pocketful of carburetors or take the engine and put it under his coat. But these Mexicans, they didn't touch a thing. The thought never entered their heads to take the plane apart and carry it home at all. They are just ignorant that way, you know. They are awful primitive people. They haven't been educated up to progress at all.

Oh! I must tell you about the bull fight. You know, the people up here didn't want Lindy to go to the bull fight, you know. They wired the Embassy, "Don't let Lindbergh go to bull fight." You know, when I was down there, some of these old ladies' societies wired me and said, "Don't let Lindbergh attend bull fight." Well, you know, I was lucky to talk to Lindbergh, much less tell him where to go. So I wired them back, "What are you worrying about Lindbergh going to the bull fight for? Stop the bull from going. There is the head man in that show, the bull."

And one day, he was going out of the Embassy as I was going in there, and he asked me, he said, "Will, do you want to go with me? I am going out to the field. I will take you up. I am going to take up the Mexican plane."

On the way out, he said, "I won't take you up first. I will take somebody else because it wouldn't look good to come to Mexico and take up an American first."

When we got to the field and I saw him lead out this old Mexican plane—it had bandages on it and it was wrapped up in barbed wire—they didn't allow them to ship them in from this country then—terrible looking old plane—when I saw that plane, I was willing that he take all of Mexico before he got to me.

So he finally hollered, "Come on in." I was the third one, and he took me up. I was certainly scared to get in that plane, honest I was. It is awful for an American to say he is scared to fly with Lindbergh, it is almost sacrilegious. My only claim

to fame, you know what I mean, would have been to have fallen with Lindbergh, but I was too big a coward to even want to fall with him. We got in there, and we was flying this old plane around and them wings looked every minute like they was going to fold right up and say, "Brother, we are with you."

When we was driving back that night, I said, "Colonel, that was a pretty sick sister we was in there today, wasn't it? I never rode in an old plane like that."

Here is the only undiplomatic remark I ever did hear that fellow make. He said to me, "I just wanted to fly that plane to see if a plane that old would fly."

Mr. Morrow told me this little story over in London this trip. Lindbergh had been entertained by the Morrows two or three weeks, and he flew to Guatemala, and the first they heard from him—and I made a little copy of it right here—the first they heard from him, it says, "Dear Mr. and Mrs. Morrow, I left Mexico City this morning at six o'clock. I arrived at Guatemala at 7:13. I was 13 hours and 13 minutes in the air. It will take this letter 12 days to reach you. If we had air mail, it would reach you tomorrow night. Yours respectfully, Charles Lindbergh."

Wasn't that just like him, you know? All for aviation. He didn't even thank them for his visit there. He was just thinking of this air line to Guatemala. Didn't even thank them for the buggy ride or firecrackers or nothing, just interested in getting an air line to Guatemala. And, Lord, we ain't got nobody in Washington can find Guatemala on the map.

First time I rode with him was coming out of Long Beach. We was flying up to Los Angeles in a big, three-motored Ford plane and was going to land in a field near Englewood, and there wasn't no sock blowing to show which way the wind was blowing. I was sitting in the seat by him, and I said, "Colonel, how can you tell how to land when you can't tell what way the wind is blowing?"

He said, "Didn't you see the way those clothes was blowing on that line back there a while ago?" Didn't I see the way some washing was blowing down around Hoya or somewhere? I didn't even notice to see what kind of clothes was on the line at all. So I thought I would pull one of my Smart Alec remarks, so I said, "Well, what would you do if it wasn't Monday?"

And he said—to show you this guy has a good sense of humor, he come right back at me and he said, "I wouldn't fly over such a dirty place."

The other day, I said, "Colonel, what is the most amusing thing ever happened to you?"

"The most amusing thing happened a while ago. I was hurt in a parachute leap, have a bum shoulder and have to go to a doctor once in a while to get it fixed up. I went to one, and the doctor fixed it up, and the papers heard about it, and they had it in there, 'Lindbergh near crash in big airplane accident. He goes to doctor to get patched up'."

And he told me how he did it. He was playing with the dog, a little old dog they had, and the dog ran under the bed and he went under the bed to scare the dog out and hit his shoulder. He said, "Ain't that a fine thing for a big, able-bodied American aviator to make a forced landing under a bed and knock his shoulder down." He has a good sense of humor, you know. A great guy!

I never liked to hear him called "Lucky"—he ain't lucky. Yes, I'll take that back, he is lucky—I met his wife. Now I will say he was lucky. He was never lucky in flying, that was premeditated, but landing a girl like he did was really lucky. She is really the Grace Coolidge of prominent men's wives. Good night.

PRESIDENT HOOVER

April 20, 1930

THERE is Orthodox Quakers and then the modern Quakers. The Orthodox stayed in Philadelphia and the modern ones got out. The further away from Philadelphia they got, the more modern they was. Mr. Hoover's is about the most modern of all of them. They got to Iowa. Of course, there was no California in those days. The motion picture camera hadn't been invented, and then climate was only a condition and not a sales commodity.

Mr. Hoover, he was left an orphan when he was a little boy, at a very early age, and he went to live for a while with an uncle. This uncle lived down in Pawhuska, Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, Pawhuska, Oklahoma. Pawhuska, to give you an idea—now of course maybe you never heard of it—Pawhuska is just fifty-five miles from Claremore, and it is near Tulsa, too, but is fifty-five miles from Claremore, and he used to come to Claremore. People did from Tulsa, too. Pawhuska and Tulsa people used to come over to Claremore for their mail and to find out what time it was. We had a clock there.

Well, it has always been credited that this splendid association with these fine people that he met down in that country has really molded Mr. Hoover's future character. I mean, I think that is where he got his wonderful character, was in meeting those people. Just this touch of kind of artistic environment that he got in our country there, that has made him what he is, you know. He wouldn't have developed anything like that if he had stayed anywhere else. If he had stayed in Iowa or gone directly to California, he would have just turned out to be another real estate salesman, that is about all he would have been.

The next big step in Mr. Hoover's career, as I picture it and read about it, after having his character formed in Rogers County, Oklahoma, was to go to Leland Stanford School. It wasn't hardly known in those days because Pop Warner was still coaching the Carlisle Indians. They brought him away from Carlisle, and of course Carlisle Indian School had to close, and Stanford become a university. There is no college now that has got a higher standing than Stanford has. Their stadium is just as big as anybody's stadium, and they can afford to pay as much for a good full-back or end as Harvard or Yale or Princeton or any of them.

In the days of course when Mr. Hoover went there, there was no football, so if you wanted to work your way through school you had to work, you couldn't just play for it. You had to work, and that is what Mr. Hoover did. He worked his way through school and was really a self-made man that way. If there had been football in his day he would never have been president; he would have just turned out to be another coach.

Well, he not only picked up an education at Stanford but a wife, too, which is an education in itself. There was a mighty fine girl going to school there. Her name was Lou Henry. She was studying flowers and plants. She fell in love with Mr. Hoover. Now, if that strikes you as kind of strange, that is nothing. Look at Mrs. Coolidge, she was a teacher in a deaf and dumb school when she fell in love with Calvin.

He graduated, Mr. Hoover did, in 1895. The year he graduated there wasn't any filling stations for a college man to work in, so he took up engineering. He wasn't a stationary engineer; he was a locomotion engineer, I guess that is what you would call it, for he was always moving. He couldn't seem to make a go of it in any one place. He just prowled around all over the world.

The first job he got was in Australia. Well, he thought Australia was too wild a country to get married and take a wife to, that is, a new wife, so he decided to wait until he got to a more civilized place to go before he married. Then he figured, too, that after he got back from Australia, why, he wouldn't have to go in debt for the license. So he waited until he finished this job in Australia, and he got a job in the interior of China. It was quiet and nice and fine there. He got married and went there. China give him a wonderful reception. They put on the Boxer Rebellion for him when he arrived. They was barricaded in the town of Zin Zin or Tin Tin, or something like that, or Sen Sen, I don't know the name of it, one of those names, they all sound alike besides Hongkong. They was barricaded there for a long time, and the Chinamen shot at them for three months. That was for a honeymoon.

He went to South America and Siberia and Africa and Alaska and once in his early days he got as far away from civilization as to do some government surveying in Arkansas. That is my wife's state, I pulled that for her.

Through all these years of travel, Mrs. Hoover stuck right with him and she helped him out in his work. He would think up new places to go, and she would look up the time table and see how to get there. If they stayed two weeks in any one place, why Mr. Hoover joined the Old Settlers Club.

Mrs. Hoover is not only a charming woman but a very brilliant woman. She helped him translate an old book on engineering that was written some four hundred years ago, and nobody knew what the book said, and they figured it out, and of course we don't know whether they figured it out right or not because nobody knows what the book said.

That brings him up to the war in 1914. He was chairman of the American Relief Association, and he helped feed Belgians, and a little later it was found we was worse off than the Belgians, so they brought him home to feed us. He is always feeding somebody. Now he is feeding the Republicans. No Armenian that ever lived can eat more than one of them can.

I always did want to see him elected. I wanted to see how far a competent man could go in politics. It has never been tried before.

Women have always been very strong for Mr. Hoover. When his picture appeared on the screen, all the time the women have always applauded him. Even during the war, the women would drop their knitting to applaud for Mr. Hoover. Of course, they would be knitting on a sock that the soldier afterwards wore for a sweater, but, you know, their patriotism was better than their knitting, but they meant well.

He really won the war for us. Did you ever figure that out? He was our food dictator. He won the war for us, but he ruined our stomachs. He gave us liberty with indigestion.

You remember all the slogans we had during the war. Well, he is the inventor of all of them—"Butter it thin and you're bound to win;" and "Drink your coffee black and give the enemy a whack," and all of them. Mr. Hoover thought of all those things, you know.

One time I was down in the flooded area in the Mississippi Valley. I was shown around down there during the flood, and I saw some of the splendid work Mr. Hoover did. He really saved people's lives in that flood, he honestly did, he saved their lives. Out on a raft, he really pulled people out of the water with his own hands, you know, and then after he got them out and wrung them out, they was Democrats.

Well, that was wonderful, you know. Suppose you swam in and laid yourself liable to some personal injury and dragged something out and find it was only a Democrat, you would have a tendency to shove him back in again you know. But he didn't, you know, he didn't. He kept them out, you know, and that showed that he was really a humanitarian at heart, you know, because Congress ain't going to do nothing about the floods at all. Just before they closed the last session, they passed a resolution denouncing floods. They come out against them then. So if you have got any friends down in the Mississippi Valley, why, you had better advise them to get a row boat. I would put more dependence in a skiff during a flood than I would in the whole of the Senate or Government and all, you know.

Mr. Hoover, you know, he was originally a Democrat himself when he come back. When we was going to run him in 1920, we had him all framed up to run on our side. A lot of people tell you that Mr. Hoover ain't a politician. Well, he ain't a politician in a way, but he is a smart fellow all right, you know. You didn't see him running with the Democrats, did you? No, he liked us all right, but he didn't run with us. He waited until he got on the right side before he run, you know.

The politicians, you know, they have all been against him. That is really what elected him. The minute the people found out the politicians didn't want him, the whole nation said, He is the kind of fellow we want.

Of course, we kid about his commissions and all that, but I tell you in this late Wall Street crisis, I really believe that the way he got all those big men together, really saved a very delicate situation there, and you know there is quite a psychology in getting a lot of big men on commissions with you. You have just got that many more men working with you, you know. Any time you tell a fellow you will put him on some committee or something, he thinks, you know, it kind of makes him do a little better, you know, and I think that is one thing that Mr. Hoover did about that.

Of course, they talk about how everything is getting along and everything. He has only been in a year, and it all depends on what we do the last year. You know, the memory of a voter—you can give him three years of prosperity and then if you give him the last year and he ain't doing very well, a voter just goes to the polls and if he has got a dollar you stay in, and if he ain't got a dollar, you go out, you know. The memory of a voter is about as long as a billy goat. So it is all going to depend on how Mr. Hoover makes out the last year.

I guess I ought to say something about his recreation. Most men's recreation is golf, and their business is talking about it, talking about the golf, but he hasn't golfed in a long time, in years, in fact. He traded his niblick and putter for a can of worms, and now he goes to Virginia, you know. They used to raise presidents in Virginia, and now they just raise the fish that the presidents catch.

You know, when Mr. Coolidge was in and just let everything go along, that was wonderful. Nobody ever asked Coolidge to fix a thing. We just let everything go,

and everybody grabbed off what he could and all, never fixed anything. We are great people to go to extremes. We just jump from one thing to another. Now Mr. Hoover is elected and we want him to fix everything. Farm relief—we want him to fix the farmer. Now, the farmer never had relief. You know what I mean. He never had it even under Lincoln, he never had it. But he wants it under Hoover. He thinks Mr. Hoover ought to give him some relief.

Prohibition—they think Mr. Hoover ought to fix prohibition. Well, my goodness, Mr. Hoover can't—I don't know, but if I remember right, the boys had a couple of nips under Calvin's administration, I think they did.

Prosperity—millions of people never had it under nobody and never will have it under anybody, but they all want it under Mr. Hoover.

Women—women in this country, they think that Mr. Hoover, my goodness, he ought to come in and wash the dishes, you know, and help take care of the baby or something. They are all wanting something from Mr. Hoover. If the weather is wrong, we blame it on Hoover. So all in all, I believe he is doing a pretty good job, and I only claim one distinction, and that is that I am the only person that I know of that is not on one of his commissions. And so good night.

VICE-PRESIDENT CURTIS

April 27, 1930

I DON'T know about communing with you all here on this beautiful Sunday afternoon. I don't know how I am going to make out because all I can hear are airplane propellers buzzing around. I used to joke the army about only having one airplane and trying to get them to get another, and yesterday they flew in here with 150 of them. General Fechet wanted me to go up in every one of them, it looked like.

Night before last we flew over and bombed the city of Los Angeles and in where I was standing, in the place in this big bomber, was a place for 4,000 pounds of explosives that drop on anybody, you know, drop right out of this place.

They drill with those things just like soldiers. It is wonderful to see a formation of one of those things. We are getting along wonderful with our airplanes. That reminds me of years ago, when an army officer took me up first—General Mitchell. Do you remember General Mitchell they had all the trouble over after the war about criticizing the boys? I was down in Washington one time. He said, "Will, would you like to see Washington?" Lord, I had seen Washington; I didn't care anything about seeing Washington. I had been around there with all the Senators and Congressmen for years. I thought, "Maybe he knows some place they don't," but I doubted it very much. So we went out and he was going to show me. He took me to the aviation field. He threw me a suit of clothes and said, "Here, slip these things on." It was like a pair of overalls. I said, "Wait a minute; I am not going up." I had never been up before; I had never been off the ground. He said, "Come on; get in here."

I said, "No, I ain't going to go up."

He said, "You are just as safe here as on the ground."

That is what worried me, was why I didn't want to go up. Finally they kept on kidding me, all these army officers, and got me in the plane. I didn't even look over when we started. I don't know whether we ever did start. He might have been on the ground and the engine going for all I know. I picked out one cloud up in the air and I was sitting there looking at this one cloud all the time. We took off. He was in the front seat in an open cockpit. Finally he hollered back at me and said, "Washington's home, Mount Vernon." Lord, it might just have been Clara Bow's home in Brooklyn for all I cared. It didn't matter to me. It could have been Al Capone's home in Miami. The Father of our Country had lost all interest for me then; I didn't know anything about it. We were flying around and he banked the plane, twisted around right quick. Now he was going around Washington's monument. I wish I could fly one of those right around Washington's monument. Boy, if that monument had had handles on it, he would have lost a customer right then. Off there I would have gone. Well, sir, we came down and landed. Walking over across the field he said, "Will, I don't know whether you know it or not, but you know they have demoted me, they have taken my commission away from me as a general," or whatever it was, some high office, and that night at twelve o'clock his old commission was to go out and he was to be given some other one. He said, "You are the last person that ever flew with me as a major-general," or

something. That was wonderful. Here is a fellow who had gone over there; he had commanded our air forces during the war and everything, and it was a wonderful thing. I told him, "Major, I certainly appreciate it very much, the idea that I was the last one to fly with you." I had to say something in return, so I told him, "If it is any consolation to you, you are the last one that I ever will fly with at all."

But after that I got so I knew a whole lot and now I am crazy about it; I am going everywhere; I flew over to Oklahoma last week and my boy flew over there and he flew back with me. You know we are flying around all the time.

I have been trying to get Brisbane. Arthur Brisbane is a great booster for aviation. I have been kidding him through the papers for the last few days about not flying. I got a cute telegram from him. I told him I would hold his hand if he would go up with me and we would fly. He sent back this telegram. He said, "Will, we couldn't go up together. If something happened to the plane, there would be nobody to tell the world the truth, if you and I went down together."

This ain't got nothing to do with what I am here for, you know. I am picking prominent men to talk about all the time, and I want to talk about Charlie Curtis. So I wired Charlie. He is an Indian, you know. I said, "Charlie, I am going to talk about you."

He wired and said, "Will, if you talk about me, be sure and mention that I am Vice-President." So I thought I would. I think it is a patriotic duty that I ought to perform, or somebody ought to perform every once in a while, and let the people of this country know who is Vice-President in every administration. I think it would be good just to have that. So I will take that on myself. No matter who is President, I will always keep you all informed as to who is Vice-President. Charlie Curtis is Vice-President, and he is a good one, too, he really is. That is not flattery, that is really sincere. Charlie is making a good Vice-President.

Vice-President Marshall was a great old fellow. He was Vice-President under Mr. Wilson, you know. He had a lot of humor, too. Marshall was a funny old fellow. He was a Democrat. You have got to be funny to be a Democrat. It takes more humor to be a Democrat than it does a Republican anyhow. One time the Senate was sitting there doing nothing, as usual. Somebody suggested that they make Marshall permanent Vice-President. He was an awfully good presiding officer, and everything, so they wanted to make him Vice-President for life—no matter who is in, he is Vice-President. So all of them made speeches on it, and everything. Finally, old John Sharpe Williams, a great old Senator from down in Mississippi, got up and said, "Tom would make a mighty fine Vice-President; he is a splendid character, this Tom Marshall. He handles the office with dignity and understanding, but there is just one little thing that worries me about him being permanent Vice-President. Suppose something would happen to the President? Where would the country be?" That kind of knocked Tom out of a permanent job.

I always liked Mr. Coolidge because he liked Marshall. Every time I ever had a chat with Mr. Coolidge we were always talking about what a very human and fine man Tom Marshall was, and he told me some great stories about Mr. Marshall and how he helped him while he was Vice-President. You know Mr. Coolidge followed Marshall in as Vice-President and he gave him some very wonderful tips and it brought out kind of a human side to Mr. Coolidge that a lot of you don't get just from the outside, and I have always loved him just for that thing, because he liked Tom Marshall.

You know I am an Indian. My folks are Cherokees and I am very proud of the fact and us Injuns are mighty proud of Charlie Curtis. He is a leader of the Senate and was the most able man in there. Of course that don't give you much of an idea of his ability, but he is at least the best they had in there. A Senate leader is a very important position. Then they elected him Vice-President, and he lost his standing then and he is down at the bottom now and has to work up again. The Vice-President, you know, don't have any vote on anything unless it is a tie, and there never was but one tie in the history of the Senate and that is when Dawes was Vice-President. Do you remember when Dawes was in? That tie came at a time when Dawes was asleep, and he didn't get to vote on it after all. Curtis don't wait for a tie to go to sleep; he just sleeps in there any time whether there is any tie or not. He makes an awfully good presiding officer in that way. He is to be envied; any man who can sleep in the Senate really is to be envied. The President gets $75,000 a year just to argue with the Senate, and the Vice-President only gets $12,500 to have to listen at them all the time. I tell you there is no justice in the world at all.

The Senate is a body of men entirely surrounded by Senator Grundy. They can talk for two weeks on the duty on hairpins, even when women ain't using them, but that don't matter; they will talk for two weeks on them and there is no way stopping them. I suggested a plan one time to shorten the Senate debate. Every time a Senator tells all he knows, make him sit down. That will shorten it. Some of them wouldn't be able to answer roll call. They are a pretty tough bunch of hyenas, those Senators, but they are likable rascals. Every time we let one of them out, a worse one gets in. So I am in favor of keeping this same bunch we have got now. We are kind of used to them now, and I think we should just keep them.

Our record with the Indians is going to go down in history. It is going to make us mighty proud of it in the future when our children of ten more generations read of what we did to them. Every man in our history that killed the most Indians has got a statue built for him. The only difference between the Roman gladiators and the Pilgrims was that the Romans used a lion to cut down their native population, and the Pilgrims had a gun. The Romans didn't have no gun; they just had to use a lion.

The Government, by statistics, shows they have got 456 treaties that they have broken with the Indians. That is why the Indians get a kick out of reading the Government's usual remark when some big affair comes up, "Our honor is at stake."

Every time the Indians move the Government will give them a treaty. They say, "You can have this ground as long as grass grows and water flows." On account of its being a grammatical error, the Government didn't have to live up to it. It didn't say "flown" or "flew" or something. Now they have moved the Indians and they settled the whole thing by putting them on land where the grass won't grow and the water won't flow, so now they have it all set.

Charlie's mother was a half-breed Indian. She is a Kaw Indian. It really means Kansas Indian, but they couldn't spell Kansas, I guess, and they called it Kaw. The ones that couldn't spell it included Charlie himself. He was born in Topeka, Kansas. Kansas was not in the Union at that time. In fact, there is still a dispute as to whether it is. Kansas was the first state to adopt prohibition and the last one to practice it. He was born in 1860. That is the year they took the census; otherwise, we wouldn't have known anything about his birth at all.

Lincoln was elected President that same year that Curtis was born. Charlie's mother read so much about Lincoln's early life that she started Charlie to splitting rails when he was six months old.

South Carolina seceded from the Union that year, and then they found that they wasn't missed, and they came back.

Charlie had the usual life of a child born in Kansas. He grew strong from shoveling the grasshoppers off the sidewalk, so they could go to town and get Capper's Weekly. That is a catalogue printed in Topeka telling the farmers how to order relief. He owes his early life to the fact that his people had a storm cellar. There were other great children born in Kansas, but they were blown over into adjoining states.

He was a jockey in his early days. The only thing more shady than horse racing is politics. Charlie worked himself up and he was a leader in that, too. His recreation is attending Republican conventions and his profession is betting on horse races. Charlie will bet you on a horse race quicker than Hoover will appoint you on a commission. When he is not asleep in the Senate, he is at the races. When Kansas stopped horse racing along with snoring and deep breathing, Charlie left there and went to Washington where he could be near the races at the Maryland tracks so he wouldn't lose much time. He was elected to the Senate in the usual underhand methods, the usual way, by going to Congress first. Kansas sentenced him to Congress. They really sentenced him there because he didn't move to Oklahoma like all the other Kansians did. His hobby is farm relief. He has always fought for it, which has given him a perpetual cause through life. He thinks it is still in its infancy.

Coolidge has the best idea on this farm relief. He went out and spoke to the farmers one time in Minneapolis. He said, "Farmers, you are in a hole. I can't help you, but I will get in with you." He did. That made it fine so the farmers were satisfied as long as Coolidge was going to get in with them.

Charlie had a little trouble not long ago about sitting at a table. So as to eliminate any setting table, the whole of Washington has just eliminated having any more dinners now. They don't have any dinners. They all go to Child's restaurant. They feel more at home and can get more to eat there, too. Charlie didn't care anything about where they seated him at the table. He didn't care if he had to stand up but they put him with the Senators. He said, "I get paid for sitting with these Senators in the daytime, and I will be blamed if I am going to sit here at night with them for nothing.

His daughter, I will always remember, made the best nominating speech of any woman I ever heard at the Kansas City Convention. She just said, "I have been asked to second the nomination of my father." Wasn't that wonderful? Never said anything else. Anybody else would have tried to tell where they were speaking and spoiled the whole thing.

In speaking of Indians, do you know that Claremore, Oklahoma, is going to open the only Indian hospital in the United States? That is no lie, no kidding or anything. It isn't boosting Claremore. But we have the only one, built by the Government entirely for Indians. You know Columbus discovered this country about 400 years ago or something, and it took 400 years for the Government to build a hospital for the Indians. Look what the Indians have got to look forward to in the next 400 years. They are liable to build us a cemetery or something, I guess.

If Charlie were president, I would run for Vice-President under him. Here are some of my qualifications if I were Vice-President. I could go to all the dinners when the President couldn't come; if a speaker got up he would say, "We are very sorry the President couldn't come. He got a better offer, that is why he didn't come. But we have with us the Vice-President," and he tries to think of the name. I could go to the dinners. I am a fair eater. I don't eat correctly, but I eat a lot. Then I could make a speech, not a good speech but good for a politician. Any audience who would gather to hear a politician speak wouldn't know a good speech if they heard one. Of course they would have to get me a dress suit. I ain't got any dress suit and I couldn't go in a hired one because they would mistake me for a Congressman. It is hard to get a man to take the Vice-Presidency. It is a job that doesn't have a nice future. I would take it and trust to luck. I would say to the Lord, "I am Vice-President, do your duty." And I have enough faith in the Almighty to believe he would get me somewhere. You know Charlie didn't want this job as Vice-President. He took it as a patriotic duty. It was forced on him. It really was. Charlie Curtis wasting his time in there is just like having Henry Ford spend four years in a filling station. So good luck to you, Charlie, old Injun, and I hope you are elected President some day and we will run the White House out of this country. That is what we will do. Good night.

ALFRED E. SMITH

May 4, 1930

WE are right at home tonight, folks. We are talking about the Democrats. Yeh, I am going to talk about the Democrats, the Lord's chosen people. He loves the Democrats. He wanted to keep them exclusive, that is why he made so few of them. The Republicans, they are common. They are not only common because there's lots of them, but I don't know, they are just naturally common anyhow, you know. Why is there more Republicans than there's Democrats anyhow? Well, because the Republicans sell more votes than the Democrats do, and because they got more votes to sell, and the reason they got more to sell is because the Republicans pay more for the votes, and the reason they can pay more is because there's more in office all the time and they have more to pay than the Democrats do, and the reason they are in office more is because the Democrats can't buy enough to git into office.

But tonight we are going to take the most popular hero the Democrats has had in years, and of course he didn't get elected, but he got more votes than other Democrats that did git elected. We will talk about a man that has got more personality and color in his big toe than all the other politicians in both parties combined, that is since the days of Roosevelt. Of course there was the king of all of 'em. But without Roosevelt, Smith has got the most personality. I've had more letters to talk about Al Smith than I've had to talk about all the other one hundred and twenty million people in the country combined. So if there ever was a speech that is made by request and popular demand, it's this one. People would walk further to see Al Smith just put on his derby hat and pronounce the word radio, raddio, than they would to hear Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge on a joint debate of Farm Relief with the Senate refereeing and Congress acting as the ushers. Al is a bear. He beat the Republicans in New York so long for Governor that they offered to make the office permanent. The man that was nominated against Smith in New York, he wasn't a candidate, he was just a victim, that was all. This guy Smith has an uncanny way of holding the affections of the people of the country. Some way or another, during the Democratic uprising in Madison Square Garden in the summer of '24 and '25 and part of '26—you see the Democrats, we always have great conventions, us Democrats, we have good conventions but we don't get any further than that. We only see the inauguration in the movies, but we do put on some awful nice conventions, you know. I have known Smith for years, and he has been a great friend of the stage and all of its people. Well, as the convention dragged along and I used to come back to the theatre at night in the Follies, the door man, the stage hands, would all ask, "Will, how about it? How about the last vote? Has he got a chance?" A big, tough-looking cop used to stop me on the corner with pretty near tears in his eyes and he would ask me, "How is it going, is he going to make it?" The newsboys, when they had to announce that Smith was behind in the balloting, they didn't act like they wanted to sell the papers. Barbers, elevator boys, everywhere you went, it was the same real downright heartfelt anxiety. You can't get that on nothing, you know. The delegates

from down home in Oklahoma, a lot of old friends from Texas around, they used to ask me up there at the convention, "Will, what manner of fellow is this fellow Smith that these people all worship so?" Well, tonight, we are going to look him over and see how he got that way.

You talk about being born under the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge. He was born while they was building the bridge. I don't know what year it was, I never looked it up, but he's just as old as the bridge is, however old that is, and they're both strictly products of New York, in fact Al is better known than the bridge. There has been a lot of other bridges built since, but never any more Als. He lived in South Street, not Oliver Street, he didn't move there until later. He used to live near a firehouse, Engine Company Number Two. In those days they used to work horses on these fire wagons. He was a great favorite with all the firemen, he spent the first ten years of his life just chasing the fire wagon to fires. He was so keen, he could tell by the smell of the smoke whose house was on fire, that is he could tell the nationality of the house anyhow. At the age of eleven, somebody invented a fireproof house, and on account of them burning so much quicker and faster, why it just wasn't physically possible for him to attend all of the fires. In fact, the Department got so they couldn't do it with horses any more. They had to get automobiles to make all of these, after fireproofing came in. Fireproofing and insurance have caused more fires than going to bed with a lighted cigarette.

This running to fires is where Smith got the idea of running for office. He said, "Why run for nothing, why not run for a job and then have something easy when the race is over?" He used to sell newspapers on the street, and naturally became a politician. All newsboys become politicians and all bootblacks become bankers. He quit selling newspapers and went to work in the Fulton Street Fish Market. He was always keen and alert. He soon discovered that there was a hundred people in New York City that ate fish to every one that could read a paper. He says, let us fill up their stomachs, never mind the New Yorkers' minds. At the age of twelve he studied elocution, and at thirteen his father died, and he left him the sole support of his mother and his sister. His father was a truckman, and Al could have gone in his father's business and drove the truck, but the horses wouldn't stand for the elocution, he was practicing then. So he went to work with the fish. Fish would listen to him recite. They are like political audiences, they are not very discriminating that way. As a matter of fact, Al has been talking to strange fish ever since.

In the Garden that year at the convention, we had gathered the queerest collection ever assembled in the annals of fish-ology. That is why they held it in a swimming pool that year. There were suckers from the West, and flounders from the South, and bullheads from the North and eels from the East, and every one that got up to make a speech was a big-mouthed bass. At an early age he won a solid gold medal in a debating contest, and that kept him busy for the next two years just polishing that medal to keep it from tarnishing. Once you win a debate you're lost for physical work for the rest of your life. So he started in loafing right away, started in acting in amateur theatricals, that's the worst kind of acting there is. It is bad enough to act for money, but when you ain't good enough to get paid for it, it's terrible. By the way, I want to tell you a joke about that. One night I introduced Smith at a dinner in New York, and I told that little joke about him, about him acting for nothing, and when he got up he says, "Yes, Will, I was a

ham actor, and I acted for nothing, but at least my conscience is clear." Boy, he knocked me in the creek with that one. He certainly got a big laugh on that. He's fast on his feet, Al is, and if he could come back at me tonight, I would take to the woods as soon as I get through.

Did I ever tell you the one about the time in the Legislature in Albany, they was discussing colleges, and what ones the members had come from. One dignified statesman said, "Cornell;" another one said," P. S. meaning Penn State;" another said, "W. & J., Washington & Jefferson." Finally, someone said, "Al, why don't you get up and say what your old alma mater is?" Al said, "F. F. M., Fulton Fish Market."

After he got to be an actor, of course the next thing he did was fall in love with an Irish girl named Catherine Dunn. That was in the long ago when people married into their own tribe. Well, when the Dunns heard that Al, an amateur actor, was hanging around, they moved to the Bronx. Now, to lots of my hearers here tonight, I will have to explain exactly what the Bronx is. It is the northeast boundary of Palestine. That's where all on the east side of New York "Pass-over" to the north side to escape the Irish persecution. Well, the Dunns moved to the Bronx, they are the first and last Irish family to go Semitic. The Dunns thought by going there, they would be done with Al, but as he was training for a theatrical career, he walked clear up there and found her. So the family had to practically sacrifice Catherine, just to get rid of Al. So finally one night they all went down to see Al act. The family did, and they objected to him being an actor, but after they saw the show, they says, "Daughter, we were wrong about accusing your sweetheart of being an actor."

They never figured there might be something worse as a profession than acting, and there is, and Smith found it. It's politics. He served seventeen times in the New York Legislature. Only one other man served more, another man served eighteen terms in there. He's in Matteawan now. Al got out just in time. He was Sheriff of New York City, but the crooks got so bad he couldn't walk out on the streets alone, and he couldn't find a cop to go with him, so he had to resign. He was Governor so long that it looked like the State was a monarchy instead of a republic. He was just beat once for Governor, and that was the only time he was ever beat up to this last time. That was the year everybody had it in for Wilson, because he was right, and so Al, when he was beat, went out and started a trucking company, and two years later he took his trucks and moved the Governor who had beat him out with his own trucks, and took his trucks and moved himself in again.

I used to be asked during the election, "Will, how about a Catholic running the country?" Well, he was a lifetime in there as Governor of New York, and any time these Jewish people trust you with a State where they own ninety per cent of the stock, there's no reason why Protestants can't trust him with what little we have got left of the United States. If he took everything we got and he moved it to the Vatican, we wouldn't be much the loser anyhow.

When they used to ask me, "Do you think on account of his being a Wet that the South will be against him?" Well, I never did think that it would be, I really didn't. I told them I says, "No, I don't think they will. I don't think they'll be sober enough to notice it." I don't mean by that the South drinks any more. Drinking in America is not in any part, the North or South, or the East or the West; they all drink the same. Drinking is not regulated by any section, it's regu-

lated by capacity, that's all. The ones that don't want to drink, don't drink, no matter what part of the country they live in, they just don't drink. The ones that do drink, they drink all they can hold, no matter where they are at. So section ain't got nothing to do with it. So I really don't think, I can say in all truthfulness, I don't think Al's defeat was due to liquor, or religion, or Tammany Hall, or a brown derby, or raddio—there was just one thing that defeated Smith, and that was being a Democrat, that's all, just being a Democrat was all that beat him. It just wasn't our year in '28. It wasn't our year. We are a good party, and we have got some good ideas, but we just need some more votes, that's all. We are just a little short of votes.

You see, I always advised that Al shouldn't have run in '28. I wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and with all seriousness and conviction, I said, it wasn't his year. It wasn't in the cards for Smith or anybody else to beat Mr. Hoover. You couldn't have beat him with anybody. Of course, later on now if he had waited, it might be a different thing. We are a people that get tired of a thing awful quick, and I believe this continual prosperity will begin to get monotonous with us. We can't go through life just eating cake all the time, you know. Of course, we like prosperity, but we are having so much of it that we just can't afford it. I don't know if Al wants another crack at the nomination or not, I don't know. We got awful good men, in fact we have always had good men. We've had as many good men beat as they've had elected. We got Al, we got Joe Robinson. I want to tell you about Joe some time too, we got Joe Robinson, and we got Owen D. Young, great, all of them. All in the world we need is just some more votes, that's all. Our slogan will be "Elect a Democrat and Let's Get Poor Again." Of course, I personally think Mr. Hoover is going to come through in good shape. Things are breaking bad now, but I think he's going to come through, and if he does, I'm in favor of not starting a Democrat against him in '32, just save up all our money to buy votes in '36. Then there's Calvin. I don't know what is going to happen to us. We've just got to wait until those two get too old to run, and we've got to get Mellon out of the way—that is the fellow that us Democrats has got to get out. That's the fellow that has kept both of those other fellows in there.

Good night.

MOTHER'S DAY

May 11, 1930

ALL of you know that this is Mother's Day, but did all of you know that tomorrow is Hospital Day? The only way that we know that our civilization has advanced in this country is by our splendid hospitals. It is the birthday of Florence Nightingale, the founder of modern nursing. It is fine to remember the well, but it is the sick that really need it, so do something for somebody tomorrow at a hospital.

I was to talk today on the Prince of Wales, but I have received so many letters to me to talk on Mothers and various women that I am going to put the Prince off until next Sunday and talk on Mothers. Of course, he is a wonderful little fellow and Americans think an awful lot of him and he has got a great many accomplishments, but after all he was never a mother.

The thing that makes Mother's Day so appropriate this year is reading so much in the papers of these Gold Star Mothers on their way to Europe. They are going over there to visit the graves of their sons at the expense of our Government. That seems just about the finest thing that our Government has ever done. It will make up for a lot of the fool things it does. Think of giving those wonderful old ladies a chance to have their sons' final resting place imprinted on their memories. Just imagine if none of us knew where our father's or mother's grave was, what it looked like or where it was located. What a welcome they will get, what reverence and respect will be showered on them over there. France will get a new view of America—those white-haired old souls with a constant tear in their eyes, but a brave smile on their faces. Then France will see what has made us what we are. She will see the mold from which America was carved.

What possible group could more thoroughly really typify America? They won't need any interpreter, those mothers. Mothers are the only race of people that speak the same tongue. A mother in Manchuria could converse with a mother in Nebraska and never miss a word. We wish and pray for every one of them to have a safe return. We can't wish them happiness but we do wish them contentment.

And when they close their eyes on this earth, we know what will be pictured. It will be that cross they saw in France, that cross with a name on it, and they can visualize every blade of grass about that grave, and they will go with a satisfied smile to join them.

Great artists say that the most beautiful thing in the world is a little baby. Well, the next most beautiful thing is an old lady, for every wrinkle is a picture.

My own mother died when I was ten years old. My folks have told me that what little humor I have comes from her. I can't remember her humor but I can remember her love and her understanding of me. Of course, the mother I know the most about is the mother of our little group. She has been for twenty-two years trying to raise to maturity four children, three by birth and one by marriage. While she hasn't done a good job, the poor soul has done all that mortal human could do with the material she has had to work with.

You know, there ought to be some kind of a star given to any woman that can

live with a comedian. Now, that little compliment ought to repay for the flowers that I forgot to get today.

I have had so many suggestions on what woman to talk on. Most of them I knew personally and some I didn't. I just last night wrote a letter to Helen Keller telling her how fortunate it was she couldn't see me—and they don't make them much more remarkable than Helen is.

Mrs. Coolidge—you all know what I think of her. I have shouted her praises from the tariff-bound shore of New England to the poverty-stricken farms of the Pacific slope.

Mrs. Hoover is graciousness and charm personified. My wife knows her better than I do. She says she is marvelous.

Alice Longworth—I look to Alice for all my political knowledge, like a Senator looks to see which side the American Federation of Labor is on before he will vote. She is tremendously keen.

All these I mention are mothers.

Lots of letters have asked me to talk on Anne Lindbergh. Yes, it is so, it is not a rumor but it is really true. Yes, Anne has got her pilot's license and she will soon have her mother's license. I can see Anne and Charlie when they take the little rascal out for an airing, towing him in a glider instead of a baby buggy. They will give him a parachute instead of a rattle.

Mrs. Morrow—that's Anne's mother—is worth an evening all to herself. She not only has raised those fine girls, but she has kept Mr. Morrow from going out without his shirt on and with his shoes tied every morning.

Ruth Hanna McCormick, one of our best political minds, a mother every inch of her. But the one I am picking out tonight you perhaps have read more about than any of these, and that is Lady Astor.

It has been my good fortune to have seen a great deal of her on my trips over to England. She has been awful nice to me; in fact, I pretty near boarded at her house. It was the only place in London I could get good coffee. It will be a long time before the female of the species, or whatever you call it, before we produce another like her. She is one of those things that come along every few generations among breeds of people or horses or something, one of those things you call a freak.

She combines more different qualities than any woman I ever saw. Just think of the achievement of the American woman who is the first to sit in the stately old House of Parliament. That is not a Senate seat, you know; you don't buy that. You buy titles over in England, but you have got to get into Parliament on the level.

This fellow, Lord Astor, that she is married to, you know, he is one of the finest, most modest, likable chaps you ever saw. Their married life seems to be perfectly ideal.

I had been to the town house a lot, but I had never seen their country place. It is about an hour, I guess, out from London, and this last trip I went out. It is just a modest little bungalow, some eighty or ninety rooms, rambling, but kept within the bounds of good taste and on the British Isles.

There is a landing field in each wing of the house so you can take off and make the dining-room by lunch time. The ceilings give you plenty of altitude.

It was a lovely Sunday afternoon, and she was out playing tennis, going like a Helen Wills. A day in Lady Astor's life is just like perpetual motion. Following her through one day is like going to a circus.

She left the game and come out to show me about the place. We went out in front of the house, and she told me, "Right here, Will, where we are standing,

is where I stood when I arrived here the first time and had my old Virginia colored woman, the old maid with me. She took one wild-eyed look at this house and said, 'Miss Nancy, is here where you-all going to live?'

" 'Why, yes, Cynthia, here is our future home.'

" 'My Lord, Miss Nancy, you certainly done out-married yo'self'."

She can tell that like it ought to be told. She still retains her darky dialect from Virginia crossed with English.

It is a beautiful estate on a bluff that overlooks the Thames River. We came to a beautiful monument, very high, out on the place. It was erected in honor of the men that was killed that worked on their estate.

Then we walked on down the side of a wonderful wooded hillside. We suddenly come up, you know, on the most beautiful spot I ever laid my eyes on, a kind of a sunken garden effect, oblong-shaped with a marble balustrade around it, and standing over this was a beautiful statue, done by some famous artist. It typified mother love, a statue with arms outstretched. She was looking through a clearing of great trees down over the Thames, looking towards the west, and in this beautiful little garden down there at the statue's feet was buried maybe seventy-five boys from all over the world.

You know, they turned their place into a hospital during the war, and the Canadian Red Cross had charge of it. The stones were not standing up like we have them in the graveyards. They was all laying down and had the addresses and the names of the boys on each one of them.

"I knew every boy in here personally, Will. I knew lots of them. I held their hands when they went West." She told me funny little stories and characteristics of each.

She is a great soldier. She used to come into the hospital and say, "Now you boys have either got to get well or die. I am not going to have you lay around here sick all the time."

That sounds terrible, you know, to hear anybody say that, but when she says it it is great—just what they wanted, you know. They would kind of lose courage and get down in the mouth, and she would come in and jolly them along.

She told me of this case, about a boy—she says to him, "Now, listen, you are going to die. Get ready. You are going to die."

"Oh, Lady Astor, please don't. How do you know I am going to die?"

"Because you don't want to get well. You are a Scotchman. If you was a Canadian you would be well and get out of here."

Well, sir, she told me he almost jumped out of the bed—"What do you mean, the Scotchmen are the greatest and nerviest people on earth. What do you mean, the Canadians are more nervy!"

And sure enough, she told me, the fellow got well.

One boy was terribly sick, and she was worried about him, you know. They knew he was going to go, and what worried him was that he didn't have any wrist watch. The other boys had wrist watches. She told him, "Jack, if you live until I get back from London, I will go there and get you the finest there is," and she did. And he had it on, smiling as he passed on. "And he is laying right here under me now, Will, right here, him and the wrist watch."

A lot of our boys was buried in there. She has the ground all consecrated for the religion that asks that. Long before our Government thought of it, she paid the way of mothers to come there and visit their sons' graves. One old ranch lady

from out in Canada she brought over that wanted to move her son back, and after she got there, she told me, she said, "Lady Astor, I didn't think a place could be so beautiful. I wouldn't move him for nothing."

There she stood, telling me all these things with tears in her eyes—this same woman that can stand up in the House of Parliament, hard boiled, and give better than she can receive.

Here was the famous Lady Astor—a wit and a statesman and the center of every drawing-room crowd, but here she was, just a mother, all the fight and all the social graces gone. There, in the very shade of this great house of hers, lie buried what she calls "her boys." So don't let anybody say evil of her in my presence.

When we got back to the house, she wanted to order some tea. I said, "No, I don't want no tea. I have got to have me some port wine."

She said, "How dare you not be a Prohibitionist?"

I said, "I have always read that it was the custom of the old, landed gentry, after looking over the estate, to come in and have a sip of port, and I am strong on tradition."

I got my port. She is a Prohibitionist, you know, not by preaching but by practice. She is a great Christian Scientist.

I introduced her one time in a London audience in the theater where I was playing and I couldn't get her to stand up. Afterwards she came to New York and came to my little show. Last year, I got her to stand up. I said, "Lady Astor, I couldn't get you to stand up in London in the theater, and in the House of Parliament they can't get you to sit down."

She took me to see Lloyd George, and we spent an awful nice two hours with him. There they was—him and her was kidding each other. That is a human fellow for you, that Lloyd George.

She was the one that arranged my meeting with George Bernard Shaw. She thinks a lot of Shaw, but Shaw keeps her worried to death, the same as he does all England. You know, England wonders what he is going to pull on them every minute.

Lady Astor says she can't think of anything worse than a man-ruled world unless it was one ruled by women.

An Irish member of Parliament, seeing her for the first time, said, "So you are the grand Lady Astor. Why, you are just a plain, homely-looking woman."

They were discussing the navy one time when an opposition member shouted at her, "What do you know about the navy? You stick to milk and babies."

She replied, "If you stuck to milk instead of Scotch whiskey you would not only know more about the navy, but you would know more about how to be decent to women."

She was campaigning one time, talking about child welfare, when an old, gray-haired bird jumped up out of the audience and interrupted her. You know, they are great on interrupting over there in England. He shouted at her, "What does your ladyship know of children? I am a man that has raised five, and you are going to stand up there on the platform and tell me about children!"

She hollered back at him, "I am a woman that has got six, and I am not through yet. What do you think of that?" She set that bird right down.

Say, those children of hers come first, before Parliament, speeches, dinners, or anything, so when you speak of mothers, she is one of them. If she had stayed in this country she would have been President by now. Good night.

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

May 18, 1930

IF they showed pictures on the screen of all the world's famous people, it is a funny thing, but the two best-known ones all over the world would both be Englishmen. They would be Charlie Chaplin and the Prince of Wales. They would know Charlie by his baggy pants and they would know the Prince because his are not. Then, besides, the Prince rules over (that is, some day he will be ruler over) a country that embraces about one-fourth of the entire land of the country, to say nothing about the waters. Of course, England has four-fourths of that.

Most every country on the face of the globe has seen him personally. He has visited all these different places. You know the woods has been full of Princes since this Prince business started, but they just came and went as a matter of routine. You know there is one around in almost every Royalist country, but nobody couldn't tell or remember who it was. Of course, they date time from when old Henry VIII was prowling around. England was organized and then you didn't hear no more of England 'til Henry started messing about. Then you didn't hear no more about Princes until it got clear on down to this lad's grandfather, King Edward. There was a bear—that fellow. When he was Prince he had great popularity and had some of the women practically locoed. Then the prince business settled back into its humdrum routine again, you know, kind of dropped off again, until this present boy came along. Say, he showed them really how to be a Prince. He introduced humaneness, you know (he is a regular human) into the prince business, and to stand out above all other Princes of other times you have to have something. The title will get you in, and the way you act will get you back in again. This lad can play a return date anywhere.

The War come pretty near ruining royalty. It was pretty near as hard to get a King after the War as a three-minute speaker. Kings went out about as quick as silk shirts. Well then, you might say, "How come he is not known as the Ex-Prince of Wales, now?" Well, that gets you back to the individual. The War really strengthened England's Royalists in their hold, instead of weakening it. If you could have been in the great hall and heard the King make his speech to the late London Disarmament Conference (his first public appearance, by the way, since his severe illness) and had watched the anxiety with which Englishmen would meet you on the street or somewhere and ask you, "How did the King look? Is he all right again? Did he look fine?" you felt like wiring Russia, "Boys, you are wasting your time trying to break up a country like this!"

And the Prince—oh Lord!—what do they think of him? He is their royal Lindbergh over in England. You know, it's a funny thing, but those two fellows have a lot that reminds you of each other. Of course, Lindbergh arrived by achievement, and the Prince by birth, but they both got a quiet reserve and dignity that is exactly alike. There is some inborn intuition in both of these fellows that tell them the right thing to do. Popularity is the easiest thing in the world to gain and it is the hardest thing to hold. But these are the only two fellows that I know of that we can feel absolutely sure when we wake up in the morning and

pick up our morning paper, that they will be just as popular as they was the day before.

Let me see! Let me kind of take you back to a summer's evening in June, 1894. A baby was born that afternoon. It wasn't a particularly good day for babies to be born but just one of those things that had to happen. The little runt didn't look much like the Prince of Wales—in fact, he wasn't. That grand old lady, Queen Victoria, was living then, and the first time in history that a Queen had lived to see three generations of her line. He was a great-grandchild. He was born in Richmond—that is, not Virginia; he couldn't have been a Virginian for he didn't have enough ancestry. His father paced the floor, with the short-sightedness of all fathers, and prayed for a son, when as a matter of fact, girls cause you less trouble and they stay with you longer. He was a very ordinary baby—had colic from birth. He kept four generations of royalty awake for three months.

The first time I ever met him was about in the summer of '24. I spoke at a dinner given to him at the Piping Rock Club on Long Island, given by the Poultry Association. Nobody watched me when I was speaking—everybody watched to see how he would take my jokes. Englishmen was all anxious because they had never heard royalty kidded right to their face, but he was marvelous. He certainly played straight for me. There was several Englishmen at the dinner, with the title of "Sir," so the Prince got a big laugh out of my opening gag which, if I remember right, run something like this:

"Everybody asked if I was nervous, speaking here tonight before royalty. Say, this is not my first time speaking before royalty. One time I spoke before Sir Harry Lauder. Well, I was all swelled up over that till I found out that a 'Sir' is about the lowest form of royalty there is. It is kind of the Ford of titles.

"Prince, you know we like you over here. You are the first Englishman that didn't come here to lecture. I can't offer you a beautiful home on Long Island like all these other folks has done, but I can give you a cot in my dressing room at the Follies, where I am playing. The accommodations are not so good, but a hundred of the most beautiful girls in the world that Mr. Ziegfeld has ever assembled pass by your door all the time. And say, at that, I bet if the kid here had his way, he would take my offer instead of yours.

"I had no idea you were over here in this country at all until I happened to see a little notice about it way down among the ads this afternoon in the paper. You have made yourself mighty popular, Prince, in spite of your birth. I admire any man that can rise above his surroundings.

"Now, I suppose, according to the usual run of American humor, I am supposed to tell you some jokes here tonight, Prince, about your falling off your horse. Well, I have never seen a picture of you where you had fallen that the horse hadn't fallen too. I am not much of a horseman, but all these people that joke about your falling off, what do they expect a man to do when his horse falls? Is he supposed to remain up in the air until the horse comes back up under him, or just what is he supposed to do? I saw one picture where you had fallen in a creek. We haven't got a comedian in this country that could swim across this creek, much less try to jump it on a horse and we haven't got an editorial writer that could row across it. So I am afraid we are going to have to find something else to kid the Englishman about besides his horsemanship.

"If you want to find comical riding you don't have to go any further than

Central Park. If I can't get hold of something funny in an Englishman besides his riding, I am a mighty poor comedian."

You know one time, just getting away from that little act I did there, one time the Prince left his car when he was going to go to a fox hunt, he left his car at the place. A man didn't know who he was. The Prince came back and he got into the car and the man knew the Prince was on the hunt. He asked him, "How did the Prince make out? Did he get his usual fall?" The Prince of Wales said, "Yes, he fell."

The fellow said, "He ought to be stopped from that hunting, he is going to break his neck."

The Prince said, "Well, it's his neck, ain't it?"

That is about the way he feels about it.

Look at me, every time I play polo I fall off one of those little Blue-Jay corn pad saddles. The falls I receive don't attract any attention at all. They hurt just as bad. The blood I spill ain't royal, but it's all mine. I don't care how common your blood is, you don't want to waste any of it.

Well, that remark about the horse falling, the Prince liked a lot. I afterwards used it at every performance at the Follies and the papers copied it and it went all over the country and he was nice enough to tell me that he knew it had much to do with stopping the eternal kidding about his falling, for, as anyone that knows anything about it knows, it is the tough races he goes in and the terrible jumps he tries to make that cause it. In fact, he is a very good horseman.

I was over in London a couple of years ago, when the 'phone rang and my oldest boy said, "Dad, it is the equerry to the Prince of Wales." He asked me to come over to see the Prince, and I told him I thought that it could be arranged. I was away from home and had no reputation to uphold, and it didn't matter much where I went. He was living at York House then. When I got to the door, there came a fellow to meet me. I learned from Emily Post that he was a butler. No livery, no lace, no brass buttons—he took me up to the Prince's room and from the time I entered that house until I left (it was over an hour) he was the only servant I saw. Of course, I guess he must have had a cook, but I don't know—he eats out so much—maybe he didn't have.

After having seen and been in a lot of famous Hollywood screen stars' homes. and some oil men's palaces, why this place where the Prince was in looked kind of like a joint. The place was positively simple, compared to some Long Island homes. It looked like an igloo.

He met me at the door of his private room—he and his equerry, General Trotter. I shook hands with him and I said, "Hello, old-timer, how are you falling these days?"

He grinned, and quick as a flash (he has a corking sense of humor) he came back at me, "All over the place." It scares me to see pictures in the movies of some of these fellows going over jumps like he does.

You girls all want to know how he is dressed for he has caused more women to powder their noses and more ambitious mothers to scrub up their daughters than any other person in the history of the world. He was dressed all in brown—just like any other brown suit I ever saw, only this one fit. The room was what made a hit with me. Just a medium-sized, ordinary living-room, with a fireplace burning and a mantel with pictures on it, and a framed photograph of his mother in the

center of the mantel—no great paintings or old family crayons. They were pictures of the family, mostly of his brothers and his sister. They looked like enlarged snapshots they had taken themselves.

The center table had books on it and one I noticed had the wrapper on it of the "Life of Queen Victoria." I guess that was a new book that had just come out. That old lady would have been proud if she had witnessed this boy's popularity at present, wouldn't she? The room gave me the feeling of some boy who was fortunate enough to have his own room and fix it up the way he wanted to. I didn't see a single girl's picture among them. You couldn't help but feel at home in the place.

We talked about the general strike which was on in England at that time—every workingman in England was out then, and yet nobody seemed excited about it. The strike just seemed to settle itself à la Coolidge, and by the way, he asked about Mr. Coolidge and said they had had a charming luncheon. I tried to get him to tell me what him and Calvin had talked about but he couldn't remember—clothes, I guess. He asked me how Prohibition was getting along. I told him the same as ever—we are arguing and drinking yet.

We talked of Canada and his ranch. I know the old ranchman who sold him his ranch—old man Lane, up there—originally came from Texas, but went to Canada. The Prince told me this one on himself. One time, it was out at a round-up where they had a big bunch of cattle rounded when old man Lane said, "Hey, Prince, get out of here; you are scaring these cattle and you are in the way of the cowboys."

He is very fond of Canada, the Prince is, and he likes it there. I said, "I saw you sitting in the gallery of the House of Commons the other day and I wanted to holler at you but I was afraid they might want to revive the old chopping block at the Tower of London, if I did."

He said, "I would like to see you under the block and hear what your last words would be."

He come to the theatre twice while I was playing over there. This time, at the Naval Conference, I didn't see him. He was hunting lions in Africa, with a camera. Fine fellow! Very, very human. No wonder they like him over there, for he is a regular guy. Good night!

DWIGHT MORROW

May 25, 1930

WELL, how come you all this afternoon? I was going to take my text this evening—my evening sermon was going to be on an old friend, Henry Ford, a parable of transportation. In Exodus it says (that is, the Book of Exodus, in the Bible), "Come unto me all ye who can afford," but this afternoon I was driving in from my little ranch out here in the country, in one of those things of his, and it went "flooey" on me (it is one of the new models, too). So I says, "No, I am not going to talk on Uncle Henry today, feeling like I do. I wouldn't do him justice; I would be biased."

Then I read of another old friend, a man who had received—I don't know, but I think he has received more publicity during the past year, and especially in the last few weeks, than anyone I know of. It is not often that a man can become prominent just because he is a father, you know. But that is what happened to this fellow. He has received more publicity by doing nothing but just running for the Senate than any other man that ever did. That don't get you much publicity, generally, just running for the Senate, because everybody is running for it. But this fellow got it just because he was the father of little Annie Lindbergh. He was just an obscure lawyer before that. His business was raising daughters. He not only kept the wolf from the door by working for J. P. Morgan & Company, but he kept them within the bounds of the law, too. He was born at Huntington, West Virginia, in 1873, on the illiterate side of the Ohio River. His parents were the usual West Virginia type. They owned the coal mine and a still. They made enough out of the still to keep the coal mine going.

West Virginia had seceded from Virginia when they got tired of listening to nothing but ancestry and smoked hams. With West Virginians, you know, they could have bragged about their ancestors, too, only they weren't such big liars as the Virginians were. Really, West Virginia is what you might call the truthful end of the Virginias. Two feuds was about as far as a West Virginian can ever trace any of his ancestors.

Another reason why West Virginia seceded from the old sister state was the right of political freedom. People were voting Republican in Virginia, but they wasn't getting their votes counted. The Slaves got their freedom by war and the Republicans got theirs by secession from old Virginia.

Morrow, as I say, was born in 1873, and nothing more was heard of him until the summer Lindbergh fell in love. From then on, of course, you know all about him. His life is an open book. It is on the front pages of pretty near every paper you pick up every morning. We all know him as the world's most famous father-in-law, but it is of the years in between that I want to enlighten you on. I want to show you what he was doing while Lindbergh was carrying the mail. I want to pick out the obscure part of his life from around 1873 to 1928—we will say, from the time of his young manhood to the day Anne said "Yes, Lin."

His father was a college professor, and it looked like he would grow up to be the usual college professor's son. Then all at once a change came over him, and he

went to work. He grew up to what they call sturdy manhood in those rugged Republican mountains of John W. Davis' state. He reached a total height of 4 ft. 1⅔ inches. He passed his examination for West Point. They didn't know that he was standing on another West Virginian's shoulders when they measured him. He really did pass for West Point. His brother had gone through West Point, and there was some talk all over the country about the school being conducted entirely just for the Morrows, so Morrow didn't go there—he went to Amherst. There could never be any scandal about entering that school. In fact, there would be practically no publicity at all. All you needed to get into Amherst was just a Republican registration card.

There he run into another little fellow—Calvin Coolidge. All Coolidge had at that time was a dialect. They went through school together. Calvin, he sat right behind Morrow and could look over his shoulders. They got the same grade. Coolidge never had much to say, even in those days. He was too busy copying down. That is why he always had a warm spot in his heart for Morrow.

When they graduated, the class took a vote. Now, when I speak at any time during the little sermon here this evening on graduation, I am doing it from hearsay —I know nothing about graduation. I never graduated from anything. Yes, I did, I did, too—I graduated from Ziegfeld Follies. I was nine years finishing a four-year course in that. Mind you, I ain't knocking education. There ain't a day that I don't wish I had stayed in school a couple of days longer. In fact, I have an educational scheme that I wish they would adopt. In a week or so, all these high schools are going to turn out, and I have got an idea. If you take students when they graduate from high school and let half of them go to college and half go to work, just half and half, and then at the end of four years when the ones come out of college they can go to work—the ones that went to college can go to work for the ones that went to work first.

I got to get back to Morrow and Coolidge and Amherst, that is what I am going to talk about.

They took a vote on who was the man in the class who was liable to accomplish more in life (I think these classes do that now) or, in other words, who would perhaps do something to make people think he had come from Amherst. Do you know, out of all that graduating class, Morrow got all the votes—all but two, Calvin got those two. Morrow voted for Coolidge, but they never could exactly locate that other vote.

I am not accusing Calvin, understand, but Morrow told me himself that it did look like Mr. Coolidge started his first vote-receiving career with his own support.

Well, nothing much happened in Morrow's career from then on. I guess we can skip the others right up until the time Anne was born.

Morrow's college friend, Coolidge, drifted along from bad to worse and he landed in the White House. At that time, we were in wrong with the world, and Mexico particularly. Our Marines were enforcing American diplomacy from the Yangtze River, in China, to the headwaters of Lake Managua, in Nicaragua. We were getting soldiers to enlist, but we had to draft ambassadors to go to any foreign country. We had sent some ambassadors to Mexico, but the more we sent, the madder it seemed to make Mexico, and we had no more Marines to send, so Coolidge happened to think of Morrow. He always had it in for him, I think, ever since he got those votes at that school.

By the way, when they graduated at Amherst, Morrow won a scholarship to a college. He chose Columbia. That is where he met Nicholas Murray Butler. You know him, the wet old thing. It was this sordid association with President Butler that decided Morrow to leave Pittsburgh and move to Englewood, New Jersey. He moved there so Anne could be near Roosevelt field, where if she ever wanted to, she could be married right before forty newspaper reporters' eyes and they wouldn't suspicion that she was doing it.

When Morrow was appointed to Mexico, it looked like just another rich man passing into oblivion. He immediately resigned his position with Morgan & Company, where they had him there to add to the moral tone of the organization that was just about then flirting with financial indecency, but he resigned. That resignation from Morgan & Company made the first big impression on the whole country, for that showed right away that this man Morrow was not a politician, for it was not customary to give up one job to work for the Government. A man don't have to quit work just because he is going to start drawing a pension, you know. It is generally understood that you won't do so much for the Government that it will interfere with your original position, but here he was taking this ambassadorship seriously.

I met him in Mexico about two weeks after that. He had got down there just before I did, and he told me of Coolidge's instruction to him. He kept sitting around waiting for Coolidge to tell him what to do when he got to Mexico. Finally Morrow had to ask him, "What am I to do down there, Calvin?"

Mr. Coolidge told him, "Dwight, don't jump on Mexico, just keep Mexico from jumping on us."

I claim that is a pretty smart thing to tell an ambassador. That is about the best thing he can do. And do you know, that is exactly what he did in Mexico.

If it hadn't been for Morrow, they would have jumped on us, and we would have been at war with them. I had not been with this fellow a day in Mexico when I could tell this fellow is no more of a diplomat than he is a politician. He was displacing this diplomacy and etiquette and doing away with all that, and replacing it with just plain old human nature. He was doing everything that an ambassador had never done, including getting along with the people who was running the Government. They went on a two weeks' trip all over Mexico, him and the President. They had never heard of such familiarity, an American Ambassador traveling with a Mexican President. He left rich old social families flat and spent his time with the President and his Cabinet. He was criticized, of course. Some said he was lowering the social standards, and that the President and his crowd was all nothing but just revolutionists. Morrow told me about it. He said, "I come here accredited to this Government, to the men who are at present running this Government, not to the aristocracy."

You see he wasn't there to bat any .300 in the Dinner League. He figured that the men running the Government at the very moment, you know they may not have known a demi-tasse from an hors d'oeuvre, and they might have scabbards on their knives to keep them from cutting their mouths, but they was the people that he was there to deal with. He was there to do business with Mexico and not lead a cotillion. It didn't matter to him if some of these Mexican Presidents could show more bullet holes than they could diplomats. One day I was talking to him and he said, "Will, I don't know who these men shot to get into this office or how

they got in, but they are in, and why they are in I don't know, but they are in and they are the babies that I have got to deal with."

He is the most down-to-earth little rascal you ever saw in your life, and his wife —gee! She was a great help to him in his work in Mexico! She was a Grace Coolidge, and that is the last word in help.

I knew what Anne would be before I ever met her. Show me the mother and I will give you a pretty good line on the girl! They are an awful lot alike—Mrs. Morrow and Anne—both full of life and pep, and great personalities.

He did a great work for us in Mexico. He has been a great inspiration, you know, for other rich men to get out and do something worth-while for the country. Did you ever figure it out, Morrow is Wall Street's sole contribution to public career?

Of course, these are just a few little obscure things that I dug up in his career, these ones I have spoken to you about, things that you people didn't know nothing about. Of course, his later exploits in Mexico, and his work at the London Conference, and his race for the Senatorship of New Jersey—they are well known.

I have been speaking tonight on what he did B. A. M. L., *Before Anne Married Lindbergh*. I don't care to deal with a man after he has become famous. I am interested in what he was doing when he was nobody. He is a great fellow, you can't help like him. You know, Morrow is really one father-in-law that is trying to make good on his own. Good night!

HENRY FORD

June 1, 1930

YOU know, I was going to talk on Henry Ford last week, and I told you about mine going "Flooey" on me when I started to drive in here last Sunday evening, and I was afraid I wouldn't give Mr. Ford a fair deal.

Well, the next morning I got a wire from Mr. Ford himself, saying "What was the matter? Was the tank empty?"

I know he has got quite a sense of humor. A few years ago I was out to his home in Dearborn. I was playing there with the Follies, and I went out to his home and it was the time when the Star car was supposed to be going to cut quite a dash in the Ford sales, so I asked him, "Mr. Ford, I know it is rather inquisitive, but in case these opposition things get to cutting the prices and all, just how cheap could you sell your car?"

He said, "Well, Will, that is kind of personal but if the worst comes to the worst, I could give it away, as long as we retain the selling of the parts. You know, Will, one of these things will shake off enough in a year to pay for itself."

Did you ever figure out, no man in our time or in anybody else's time has ever had as much influence on the lives of people as Henry Ford has? Think what he has done for beasts! Even if he has been a detriment to man, he has sure converted horses from a burden of toil and made them kind of objects of curiosity.

Now, take George Washington—of course, he was great—he was the Father of our Country on account of having no children. He was a surveyor and he owned half of Virginia, because he surveyed his own lines. He was a general on our side because England wouldn't make him one on theirs. He was a politician and a gentleman—that is a rare combination. But you know a lot of his stuff has been overestimated by history. It is like a lie—the longer you tell it, the bigger it gets. He got a reputation for truthfulness when his father caught him with a tree down and a hatchet in his hand and in perspiration—well, I would even go as far as to say that he had sweat streaming down his brow. What did he say? He said, "Father, as much as I detest circumstantial evidence, here is one time when it is true; I cut it down and if I had it to do over again, I wouldn't do it, for that is without doubt the dullest hatchet in the state of Virginia."

Lincoln was great. He freed the slaves and put the Southern whites in bondage for the duration of their natural lives. He furnished General Grant with cigars to smoke and poor Lee had no gas mask so he had to surrender. Lincoln tried his best to prevent that war between the Democrats and the Republicans. Since then, they have been settling their difficulties at the polls, with about the same results.

Those men never started, as history-makers, in comparison to Henry Ford. Why, he has run over more people in one month than either Washington or Lincoln disposed of in both wars. He has changed the mode of living and the habits of more people than Caesar or Mussolini or Chaplin or Daniel Webster or Clara Bow or Xerxes or Amos 'n' Andy or Bernard Shaw.

You know Brigham Young originated mass production, but Henry Ford was the guy that improved on it. You must get this into your head—he alone is

absolutely responsible for this great era of transportation in which we half-way live. If there had never been a Ford car, there never would have been a cheap car. It would always have been classed as just a rich man's luxury. You can remember when we all had it in for the men that come along our roads honking for us commoners to get out of the road. We was sore at them and hated the guys that was in them, but the minute that Ford built a cheap one, and we could get in one and we was the ones that was doing the honking—that made it different. Had the poor man never been able to get a car, he never would have voted with the rich man on good roads, and without roads, the thing would have passed right out like Mah Jong, Eskimo Pie or some of those things.

He is responsible for more buildings than any man living. There is more garages and filling stations built than there is homes, churches, schools, and all those. If there was a single bed in every filling station in America, it would give every man and woman and child a home to themselves.

I have always wanted to see Ford elected President—I really have. Compared to the business he runs, our Government affairs would be a kind of a branch office for him. He has got his own ideas on farming. He says that a farmer spends half of his time raising a half-dozen things to feed an old cow to eat, and all he gets in return from the cow is milk and half the time it is clabber. His theory is to learn the people to eat those things and then I think he is going to do away with the cow—I don't know. He believes that a farmer ought to work part of his time on his farm and the other part in the factory. The farmer claims that when you get through working on the farm and asking your Congressman for relief, there ain't no time to even visit a factory. If he ever runs for President we are going to call his party the "Old Roads Party." I would like to see him get in there. When Congress got to stalling around, he would go around and lift up the hood of Congress or the Senate to see what was the matter with it. He would arrange the Government so that it went by one of these trolleys, you know, on one of these overhead trolleys, and every Congressman and Senator would throw something on as the thing went by.

A lot of wise guys have had a lot of fun joking about Ford because he admitted one time that he didn't know history. He don't know it—but history will know him! He has made more history than his critics has ever read.

Uncle Henry is the very boy that knows our problems. Our problem is paying for one of his problems—that is our problem. He has drove more people in debt than the War. Disarmament ain't worrying this country near as much as parking space is. Congress has argued over the tariff since Washington wore satin knee breeches—golf breeches, only they didn't have golf then—but they have never lowered any taxes. Taxes, not tariff is what we are interested in. There's two mortgages in this country to every vote. We are operating on $10 down and a dollar a week. If we get $30 a week, we are paying on 30 things.

If I wanted to put an object on the market today I would advertise, "It will last until it is paid for." Nothing could be better than that.

Mr. Ford believes in Prohibition and he won't let a man work for him that drinks. Before you go to work every morning, he smells your breath. You can't blame him because the stuff they are drinking nowadays would rust the bolts out of the machines. He don't say the buyer must not drink—in fact, he encourages that, because the more drinking, the more turnover, and they have the largest turnover of any business in the world.

Do you know that Ford used to work for Edison? Did you know that? Well, he did. He used to work for Edison for $100 a month. This is when he built the first automobile—he built it on Edison's time and with Edison's tools. For a time in the year he used one of Edison's factory clocks, and the flywheel was off of one of Edison's electric question-askers. The steering apparatus was a kind of straight-handled affair then. Well, it was a handle of a spade, also appropriated from Mr. Edison, and the funny part about the whole thing was the thing run but it took him over a year before he got it to run. That started Ford in the automobile business. It come pretty near putting Edison out of the electrical business. Mr. Ford had to give him a dinner at Dearborn last year to square himself. By the way, at that dinner more prominent men was gathered there to honor Mr. Ford and Edison than had ever gathered in one place. If a man worked in Ford's factory and carried out as much junk as Henry did out of Edison's it would put the whole Ford factory out of commission. Just dropping one bolt will stop 10,000 men in his place now.

When Mr. Ford first made his car, he had it in the house (yes, it was in the bedroom) and Mrs. Ford made him take it out and put it in the backyard. It made so much noise in the house that it kept Edsel awake. He took it out in the backyard and it keeps the whole world awake.

Ford's success is due to the fact that he uses common sense in his business instead of a board of directors. He shames a lot of the other concerns in paying high wages. He believes in giving a man a job, at least giving him a hand-out.

When he found he was wrong in his argument with the Jewish people, he apologized. He saw them in a Chevrolet and he says, "Boys, I am wrong! I am wrong!" But he is responsible for more things than any man living.

Hoover fed the Belgians, but Ford took them for a ride. About 193,000 people is just fixing punctures on those things every minute of every day and 432,000 is just advising them how to fix them. There is 3,000 Ford radiators boiling over the hills of this country every minute of every day; 21,000 people just holding up the hoods and looking at the radiators; 20,000 with the same expression. Preachers, statesmen and great orators will have made great speeches but no man has ever moved this country like Henry Ford.

The Ford car is the best-known object in the world. You can take a Chinaman in the heart of China that don't know where his next missionary is coming from but he knows how to pour a couple of quarts of rice in the thing and it will run. An Englishman knows it like he does his teapot. A Zulu can take one apart and get enough back so it will run. There is more jokes told about it than any other thing. A Ford car and a Democratic Convention has kept a lot of us comedians alive. He is the first man to realize that every joke sold a car and every joke bought one.

I like him because he sees more music in an old-time fiddler than he does in a long-haired one with a foreign name. He has caused more dirty dishes to be left in the sink after supper than all the leading men on the screen put together. He has broken more wrists than all the osteopaths combined. He has caused more profanity than a Senate investigation. He has given more value for the least money. A Ford car and a marriage certificate is the two cheapest things there is. We no more than get either one than we want to trade them in for something better.

He is a great old fellow and he is very, very human. I always liked Mr. Ford. I think he is a great man, and I wish we had a lot more like him. Good night.

PROHIBITION

June 8, 1930

DOWN here in the room where we are gathered—it is the main studio in New York, and there is a lot of folks around here, too. We don't have this many people in Los Angeles, even according to the census. We don't have as many as are in here, do you know? I have got a lot of friends here—Bill Fields that used to be in the Follies with me and Brandon Tinnan and a bunch of them here. If you want to laugh at it, go ahead. The folks out in Claremore won't mind.

I left Beverly Hills Friday morning and flew to my home in Oklahoma and spent that night with my folks, and here I am in here today, and all this was not any special plane. It was on an ordinary, regular passenger line and on regular passenger ships, for about the same fare as you would pay, you know, on a train, including your Pullman fare. Of course, I never took one, always slept on my neck.

I have received more letters in the last few weeks to talk on Prohibition than on any other subject. I haven't said a word about it. I was really ashamed. So many was talking and arguing over it that I wanted to be original and just let it alone. Can you name me one subject in the entire world that there has been as much time and energy wasted on? If you took all the Prohibition talk out of the Congressional Record, you could mail the rest of it out on a post card. Congress has cost us more talkin' about Prohibition than it has tryin' to enforce it, and I have yet to hear anybody talk on it that wasn't some kind of a fanatic, no matter which side they was on. But of course a fanatic is always the fellow that is on the opposite side.

But with all the shoutin' and ravin' and all their investigations and all this straw votin', I will bet you there hasn't been a single soul converted to the other side. They haven't changed a vote. It's one of those things like religion—you have your mind made up and you don't want anybody coming around trying to tell you what to think.

I have often said that I wish the wets would become so soused they would be speechless and couldn't say anything, and that the drys would become so perfect that the Lord would come down and take them away from here, and that would leave the country to the rest of us who are tired of listening to both of them.

So I got to wondering if it wasn't possible for a fellow to talk on it without being a nut on either side. I think if I could do that I would be speaking in behalf of practically millions of people.

Now, it is not so terribly serious, this Prohibition. It is not a life or death problem with us. If it was repealed tomorrow, the lives and habits and morals of the whole country, they wouldn't be ruined; the country would drag along just about the same. Taxes and parking space would hit us in the face just the same. Henry Ford wouldn't leave the country if it was repealed. You couldn't run him out of here.

Then, on the other hand, if it is never repealed, we will still drag along. The country won't go to the dogs. We lived with the eighteenth amendment and we have lived without it and we are still here under both systems, so you see there is perhaps problems greater.

We kill thousands of people every year with automobiles, yet all we do about it is write an editorial; every once in a while, we see one in the papers. We didn't argue over going into war near as much as we have argued over Prohibition.

America is getting so big, you know, it really is, this country is getting so big that no matter what it is, it don't bother us any more. We just struggle along in spite of ourselves. It takes more than a drink to really interest us any more. It is not undermining—you know they always say it is undermining the moral fibre of a great nation. That's a lot of hooey. Neither is it our greatest experiment. If we wasn't trying it, we would be trying some other experiment. We are just like a monkey, we can't let anything alone. We have got to feel of it and see what it is.

Some folks on both sides have just kidded themselves it is our greatest problem. The real wet is going to drink, I don't care what your laws are, and a real dry is going to lecture to him while he is drinking, no matter what your laws about it are. You can't change human nature. But while those two are fighting it out, there will be 500 passing by tending to their own business, living their own lives, and doing exactly what they think is best for them.

The Literary Digest sent out 20,000,000 votes and 5,000,000 answered, showing that there was 15,000,000, that is about three-quarters of the people, that didn't care what happened to either side.

The wets have always claimed that the law has made a lot of dry people mad and made them drink. Well, if they was dry and got sore because it went wet, why if you made it wet, they are liable to get sore and go back dry again. So that wouldn't leave anybody to drink after you had already got everything all wet for them.

We are trying to settle something here that has been going on since way back in Bible times. Those old prophets couldn't even settle it and you can't tell me that Moses of New Hampshire and his gang of Senators know any more than Moses of Palestine and his troupe did. Right in the first book of Genesis, you don't read but just a few pages until Noah was lit up like a pygmy golf course. Here is just how it started. Wait a minute, I got it right here on the paper; I will read it to you. Right in the start of Genesis, the ninth chapter and the twentieth verse it says, "And Noah became a husbandman and planted a vineyard." The minute he became a husband he started in raising the ingredients that goes with married life. So you can trace all drink to marriage, see. What we got to prohibit is marriage.

In the very next verse, the twenty-first verse, it says, "And he drank of the wine and was drunk." Now that was Noah himself, our forefather. Practically all of us can trace our ancestry back to him. That is where we all join and get even with the D. A. R.'s. We started life on an equality with the D. A. R.'s, but they left us in '76. The Bible says, "Thou shalt not take up arms against thy neighbor," and the D. A. R.'s did and became famous. We didn't take up anything and we don't amount to nothing.

Now you see Noah drank and he didn't drink water and he was a man that knew more about water than practically any man of his time. He was the Water Commissioner of his day. Old Noah was an expert on water, but the Lord is very far-seeing, and everything He does is for the best. Through Noah partaking of too much wine and going on this little spree, that is just why the Lord picked on him to pick out these animals to take in to the Ark. He was the only man that had even seen all of them. So if Noah hadn't drunk, today we would be without circuses

and menageries. Of course, other men since Noah's time have claimed that they have seen animals that Noah didn't put into the Ark, but they were drinking from a different vineyard.

Noah took in two kinds of every animal, two of every kind, all but a Democrat and its mate. He forgot the mate. That is why the Democrats have never increased and prospered.

Noah lived—you know this wine had such ill effects on Noah that he only lived to be 950 years old. That is just 19 years short of Methuselah, who held the longevity record of his and all times. So Prohibition is not a new problem by any means. There is no need for this generation to feel conceited enough to think that they can settle it. It is like stopping war. We are always going to do something that no other generation has even been able to do. If you could take politics out of Prohibition, it would be more beneficial to this country than if you took the alcohol out of our drinks.

The fuss raised over Prohibition has done twice as much harm as the drinking has. The drys wanted it in the Constitution and they got it in there. The wets wanted to drink and they got it. So what is all this shooting about anyhow? It is in the Constitution and it is going to stay there as long as there is a bottle left.

I have told Prohibition jokes on both sides of this question all over the country, in every town hall and every hay barn and in lots of the churches all over the country I have spoke in, and people have laughed at the little jokes, and then they would go right out the next day and elect a dry.

Now here is something that I want you all to remember, a wet makes more noise, but a dry votes the oftenest. And don't get the idea that Prohibition is staying in the Constitution on account of its moral grounds; it is economics. It has got to stand or fall on economics. Big business don't care about what your morals are, but they do care about how much work you can turn out in a day's time. If somebody invented an alcoholic stimulant tomorrow whereby everyone taking a swig of it would start right in working right hard and keep it up for eight hours, the country would vote wet in a month.

Of course, they are drinking some terrible stuff. They are making an ingredient, they are putting together some stuff now that puts courage into you without breathing, they really do. You know, in the old days you had to be born courageous. Your father had to be courageous, or your mother. You had to inherit it. But now they bottle courage. You take one dram of this White Mule and you go out and meet a street car head on purposely. Europe is even trying to find out how we make it. They have found that this liquid weapon of ours carries more authority than a hogshead of beer or a flacon of wine. They have never experienced, they never had before up to the time they tried this, the sensation of unconsciousness without an anaesthetic before.

So they have been taking it back over home to Europe and having it diagnosed, and their scientists and their chemists have looked to see what it contains but at last we got even with Einstein. They know no more about our theory than we do about his. The minute they would find out what one bottle contained, the next one they would examine, it wouldn't have any of the ingredients of the first bottle, so at last we have made an article that Europe couldn't duplicate cheaper. After assaying hundreds of bottles, the only thing they found out that each bottle held in common with the other bottle was that it all flowed and death was inevitable.

So now our liquor has become one of their principal imports. Just one bottle of this mountain dew fell into the hands of the Riffs and they declared war on Spain immediately. Mussolini ordered a case and now he wants to take on the world.

I claim we will never get a true test of the Prohibition vote until they invent a machine, a kind of machine that registers your breath as well as your vote. You have a thing like this microphone is here; that is, at every voting booth you put one of these and you drop your vote in the box and you breathe in this, and your vote and your breath has got to correspond. You can't vote one way and breathe another.

I would hate to think that this country has arrived in such a state that we are worrying over whether to drink or not to drink. I really would, I would hate to think that we had got to such a state where our whole future depended on whether we drink or not.

City people seem to be more excited about Prohibition. Country folks are more excited over making a living.

America ain't as bad off as it might seem. The young are not drinking themselves to death and the old are not worrying themselves to death over the condition of whether the young are drinking or not. Chain stores are worrying this country a lot more than chain saloons are. Turkey is the only other Prohibition country in the world, us and Turkey. There's a fine gang to be linked up with, ain't it? If we enjoyed some of the other privileges, things wouldn't be so bad. We enjoy them, but they are not legal.

Now listen here, folks, honest, this is what I want to get over to you tonight, let's not all get excited about it and break friendship with our neighbors and fall out with our brother over this Prohibition. Nothing is going to be done about it during our lifetime. There ain't anybody hearing me tonight who will live to see the time when anything is done about it, so don't let's all worry and get all het up about it, get all hot and bothered. Don't let's take it so serious. The drys and wets both combined can't hurt this country. Talking about Prohibition is like whittling used to be, it passes away the time but don't settle anything.

Now go to bed and forget about it and let's hope that some day our country will be as dry as the speeches made by both the wets and the drys.

You know, you think we got troubles. Say look at Roumania. Carol is back and brought all his harem with him. Now there's a country that has got troubles. Good night!

BOSTON

June 15, 1930

WELL, here we are up here in Boston! They call it up here "Bosting." You do, don't you? Oh, yes, we have got a lot of folks here in the studio. They sent out invitations and we have some very exclusive people here tonight, so they say. Oh, a lovely studio, too! This ain't like any of these I have been talking in. This is WNAC in Boston, and it is more like a home or something, you know. Oh, it is fine! I don't know how to act in a place like this. We are in Boston, the home of Harvard, and Harvard is the home of culture and poor football. Everyone in Harvard can speak good English, you know, but nobody can make a touchdown. But we are glad to have you folks here with us tonight. The Governor was coming down, you know, but this is pretty late—it is 10 o'clock here—and that is pretty late for Boston, and he didn't get down. He gave me a little badge yesterday. He come down to the Metropolitan Theatre there and he pinned this little badge on me. Here it is, but I had to take it off; it was tarnishing. The Governor of this State has a very unique record, and he gave me some gloves. He is a glove manufacturer, too. He gave me some gloves—old ones—and imagine, you know, that is the height of New England hospitality—to give you gloves in the summertime!

But he told me a good Coolidge story. He is a great friend of Mr. Coolidge, and he has had about the same political career as Mr. Coolidge. He started in as a town selectman and then he went on up and he has been Congressman from the State of Massachusetts and Senator, and Speaker of the House, and President of the Senate, Lieutenant-Governor, and now he is Governor. They gave him a dinner not long ago and Mr. Coolidge come to the dinner in honor of him. Mr. Coolidge spoke at the dinner and he says, "Governor Allen, your political career has paralleled mine—up to now."

Oh, we have got a great bunch of people here tonight. From all these people in the studio it looks like Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels' wedding, only nobody brought nice presents, that is the only thing. Bebe got married yesterday—her and Ben and this is their freshman wedding. That is unusual in Hollywood, for anybody to get married the first time.

Well, anyhow, everybody says, "What are you doing in Boston?" I am here helping them to celebrate their tercen—ter—I can't say the thing—their 300th Anniversary or something—it would take me 300 years to learn to pronounce the word.

I have got to be honest with you—I don't know what you are celebrating the 300th—anybody come here from the outside, I don't see how they can tell when you are celebrating your 300th and when you ain't. You can't look at the town and tell when it is celebrating. I drove down here in a car tonight and the ruts we hit must have been 300 years old.

They had a big celebration out at Salem yesterday, and everybody was supposed to have on the old-fashioned costumes of the Early Revolutionary Period. I went down there and I couldn't tell the people that was dressed for the thing from the ones that wasn't. But really—all kidding aside—you want to come up here

this summer. This is the most beautiful country in the world. Honest, New England is really lovely and we all have a warm spot in our hearts for New England. Here is where all of our learning and culture and everything—whatever we have got—comes from. But it is fine, and they are having this big celebration here and this fall they are going to have the American Legion; all the boys, you know, are coming here, and we have got to take care of those boys because they are the ones we have got to use in another war; you know, because we can't dig up new ones.

But really, it is a great old place. Every house in New England is where some old Revolutionary man slept, every one of them. Some of them old generals must have done nothing but sleep. They must have just slept in one house, then got up and moved over and slept in another.

Oh, they got historical spots here. This country is mangy with history. You never saw so much history scattered around. Out in California, if we just had the lower end of Bunker Hill, we could sell enough lots to pay for moving the hill out there. That would be marvelous, you know, because California should have something named "Bunker."

I had a great visit just the other day—I must tell you about going out to the Coolidges! I went out there and had a lovely visit with Mrs. Coolidge—Mr. Coolidge wasn't there (I knew that before I went). I knew he wasn't there and me and Mrs. Coolidge sat down and we had the finest time—just gossiping. I had just come from Washington and we had all the scandal. I had seen Admiral McLean down there and I had all the latest dope. She showed me all over the grounds, and the dogs, and everything. We had a dandy visit!

I was awfully sorry Mr. Coolidge wasn't there, but I didn't miss finding out anything—you know what I mean. He wouldn't have told me nothing if he had been there.

Here is what I wanted to tell you. I had wired up the day before, and I says, "Mr. Coolidge, I am going to come up to Boston tomorrow and I would like to come by Northampton and drop by and say hello to you." I asked him if I could come up.

He wired, "Yes; I will be in New York tomorrow. Come up!"

Boy, he is a bear, you know! He works for some life insurance company and he went down and they pay the directors every time they come down, you know and he was down there getting his fee, you know.

I says to Mrs. Coolidge, "Mrs. Coolidge, does he ever miss one?" and she says, "Not yet! He has never been ill."

You know, he goes down there (I won't mention the name of the company he works for, because that would be a boost; you know what I mean). That would be an advertisement and I don't want to advertise; I won't do it gratis. But it is some big company—I think it is the Beechnut Liability Company. I think that is the insurance company he is with. Either that or Squibb's Dental Indemnity, one of those—I don't know which—maybe it is Bull Durham, or Claremore Radium Water.

Then I had a visit, I must tell you about my visit with Mr. Hoover, during the past week. You see, all I know is what little I read in the paper or what I find out as I bum around the country.

Pat Hurley is Secretary of War—you all know Pat—and he took me over. He says, "Have you seen the President?" Pat comes from Oklahoma, you know.

I says, "No, I haven't seen Mr. Hoover since he has been in office," so he says "come on over."

They won't let a Democrat go in alone. They will either send a Secret Service man with you or another Republican. So Pat took me in and Mr. Hoover was fine.

He asked us to stay for dinner—it was pretty near six o'clock then, and he says, "I would like to have you all have dinner with me."

I had another dinner engagement so I says, "Mr. Hoover, I have got on these old clothes; I can't go to dinner with you, I'm sorry."

He was very nice and he said, "Well, I will wear the ones I have on." He paid me a compliment, you know, and he says, "These look about like yours."

I had on this same suit I have on now. You folks here can see how it looks. I know I had on this suit—if I didn't have on this suit, I didn't have anything on.

Well, it was fine, and we had a lovely visit there with Mr. Hoover. Then I told him, I says, "Pat has an engagement; his wife has a dinner and she is going to feed Jim Watson and some Senators."

He says, "I am sorry, I would like to have you for dinner."

So then I happened to think and I says, "Will this offer hold good, Mr. Hoover? Suppose I don't go with you now; will it hold good?"

He says, "Yes," and I says, "Can I depend on that?"

He says, "Yes," and I says, "I would like to have you put it down in writing, if you don't mind." I am kind of like the Senate—I don't trust the President, either.

So I didn't stay, but we had a lovely visit.

Somebody had told him about my radio talk on Prohibition, last Sunday, and so something come up about it and I asked Mr. Hoover if he had heard it. He said, "No." He said he had heard several of them but he didn't hear the one last Sunday night. He said he would like to have heard it so I said I would send him a copy. I said, "I am kind of proud of it because I have talked on Prohibition and I have had no kick from either side." He said, "I would love to see it!"

Mr. Hoover had a good sense of humor. He said, "I would like to hear anything said by anybody that wouldn't have a kick from somebody. Tip me off as to how you do it."

I am going to send him that speech.

When we got outside, Pat said to me, "Do you know what you did?"

I said, "I don't know."

He said, "Why, you refused the President. When the President asks you to do anything, that is not a request, it is a demand."

And here I had turned down the President, but I didn't know nothing about it. I told Pat, I said, "Well, I wasn't hungry, I couldn't help it."

But we had a lovely time. Mr. Hoover is looking fine and he seemed to be in pretty good spirits under the circumstances.

Now, let's see what else we have got in the papers. Everybody has been asking me how I stood on this prize fight thing. I don't know much about these prize fights. It is all I can do to try to keep track of Bishop Cannon and Uncle Joe Grundy. I am worrying about them. But it looks to me like prize fighting has got so in this country that they just have it not to see who is the good athlete, but just for the argument they have after the thing is over. Ever since Tunney knocked Dempsey down and they didn't start counting until the next day, prize fights have nothing but arguments. That is all everybody does. The fighters have their fight

and when they are out, the audience starts in. They fight for another year. I know Sharkey is a nice fellow—a good family man, a good boy, and everything. I have never met this German, but he must be a fine, upstanding young boy, but I don't know—the condition that the prize fight game is in now, it strikes me as being very appropriate to have a champion named Schmeling. I know of no sport that gives out a greater odor than it does now. I know that.

Well, sir, Mr. Dwight Morrow comes up for election Tuesday, and you know I honestly think a great deal of that man—I really do—but I don't know but what I want to see him defeated because I don't want to see him get in that Senate with the group of hyenas they have got in there. I was down to the Senate the other day and met them all and talked with them. They are getting along fine; they passed the Tariff Bill. They know it was a lot of hooey but they went right on and passed it just the same. The Tariff Bill is going to be great for everybody who don't buy anything or don't eat anything. Now it is bound to do you good if you don't buy or eat and that is the only one it is going to be any good for.

Old Uncle Joe Grundy was born on Monday, started lobbying on Tuesday, went to the Senate on Wednesday and said he would vote against the Tariff on Thursday, but he voted for it on Friday and he is going to retire from the Senate next Saturday, and that is the last of Uncle Joe Grundy until it comes time to pass another Tariff Bill and then he will be right back in the Senate again.

I see where my old friend, Charlie Dawes, landed back. The old Ambassador wouldn't wear the knee breeches over in England. He landed yesterday. They couldn't get knee breeches on Charlie. Charlie says, "It would take the King's own guard to get any breeches on a Dawes."

He has gone out to Chicago; they want him on this gang thing out there—didn't say which side.

Sister Aimee McPherson landed and she had a little trouble with the customs. They claimed she hadn't paid duty on some of her dresses. There was just a little misunderstanding—Mrs. McPherson didn't mean anything—just a little misunderstanding. She thought she was wrapped up in the Lord and they thought she was wrapped up in a Paris gown.

Well, that is about all the news I know tonight. Good night!

CHICAGO

June 22, 1930

WELL, here we are folks, out in the old city of Chicago. Yes, sir—the great old city of Chicago—broadcasting from a sound-proof studio here. They got this town all wrong. There is no crime or shooting here.

We have got an audience here tonight. We only invited the town's best citizens, just invited the best citizens of the town. We haven't got as big an audience as we thought we would have. We very foolishly barred out the gang leaders and the racketeers, so we are not full-handed here by any means. We are barricaded here in the Wrigley Building, trying our best to keep from mentioning Beechnut.

Now I will try and describe to you what is going on down on the street here. I am standing right by the window. The Bugs Moran gang are holding down the east side of Michigan Boulevard and the Capones are entrenched on the other side. It is lucky for us they can't get in here. Yes, they can. Here they come.

That's too bad, too bad. Just drag him right over there, will you? Just get him out of the way here.

This is Graham McNamee, pinch-hitting for Mr. Rogers. This is McNamee speaking from Station WBBM, describing to you this quiet evening in Chicago. Excuse me, I want to eat a hot dog a minute. The Moran gang, as he told you, are on one side, and the Capones on the other. This is the finals. Boy, what a battle this is going to be! Wait until we open that window and let you hear some of them down there. It is a beautiful night. The stars are marvelous. Boy, you ought to see these stars out here. It is one of the best nights for a battle that I ever saw. I have been coming out here for battles for years, but while they are placing the machine guns, I will give you a little resumé of what is going on. A great night. There must be a thousand racketeers. There is not an empty seat—I mean, there is not an empty gun in the place. Boy, what a night this is! This is for the finals. The gang that wins this goes to New York and fights there for the racketeer privilege. Why the coffin rights alone ought to run into a half million dollars here tonight.

We are in the Wrigley Building, and I will give you a little line on some of the notables here. There is Ruth Hanna McCormick, just nominated for the Senate. I am hoping some of them live down there long enough to vote for her. Here is J. Ham Lewis, her opponent, a man with whiskers but a gentleman in spite of being a Democrat. He is a wet, and of course all these boys in the battle are drys, so Ham is pulling for total extermination of both sides.

Here is Samuel Insull. He is wringing his hands. He is afraid they will kill off all the gang leaders and that will destroy, you know, his people that go to the opera. He foolishly built the opera house so you could see the stage instead of the people seeing each other, so he is going to have to rebuild it over again.

Just a minute there. Shut that window down so we can't hear the battle. Here comes Charlie Dawes. Look, he has got on knee breeches. Got the rompers on, Charlie—well! Wait a minute. I will call him to the microphone and have him say a word. Mr. Dawes, come here a minute. Come over here and say something to the folks. Get that pipe out of your mouth. You will get static on this thing here.

"Oh, I say, old chap, this is a ripping battle, this is a ripping battle. This is worth leaving dear old London. I only wish the Senate was in between both sides. Hades and Maria, what time do we have tea?"

Gee, that is mighty nice of you, Mr. Dawes. That is fine. Thank you very much. That is mighty nice, to come here and speak, and to have you come back from London to the old home town folks here and see the boys fighting for the glory of big business. When Mr. Dawes returns to the Court of St. James he is taking back as a house guest Mayor Thompson.

Wait a minute—they are shooting up this way. They are shooting here. Here they come—I am hit—tell them—tell them I died—I died announcing.

This is Floyd Gibbons, pinch-hitting for the late Graham McNamee. When I say Floyd Gibbons talking I mean talking, I don't mean stuttering. It seems great to be back in Chicago and reporting the war here. I have reported wars all over the world, but when I get short of a war to report, I always drop back to Chicago.

The Illiterate Digest took a poll on the situation and here are some of the figures that show you exactly how they did. In the Illiterate Digest, for just ten cents a copy on the newsstands every Thursday, a straw vote was taken and sent out, a questionnaire. There were three alternatives in the vote—dead, wounded or escaped. You could mark any one of them the way you thought it would happen to you. In the Illiterate Digest poll—you can buy it for ten cents a week—it showed 87½ per cent killed, and that up to the time was absolutely within 1 per cent of the prediction. The votes were not coming in as fast as we thought they would on account of a great many being killed on the way to the mailboxes which accounts for the slight discrepancy of 1 per cent. The wounded on the poll showed about 12½ per cent wounded up to the time we went to press, and our statistics exactly bore out that prediction. We only made a mistake of one man. He said he was wounded when really he was only scared and wasn't wounded at all. Now if you add 12½ per cent and 87½ per cent that makes exactly 100 per cent, proving conclusively that there is no use having these gang wars at all if the Illiterate Digest showed you exactly what would happen in advance.

Last Friday, at Hoylake, Bobby Jones of Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Georgia, won the British Open Championship in 291 strokes, which is within a half a stroke of what the Illiterate Digest showed he would do. The discrepancy of the half is explained by the difference in time. They count a half stroke when the ball goes into the hole, turns around and comes back out again. Jones' victory shows that luck triumphs over skill in the long run. It also proves that while the Democrats can't get elected to anything, still they can play golf.

Washington, D. C.—The Illiterate Digest took a poll last fall to determine what Mr. Hoover would think of the Senate by this June. The result of the poll was that he wouldn't think much of it. Present check-up shows he don't think anything of it, but how we made that mistake was the Senate was worse than anybody thought possible, and we hereby apologize for the poll.

I will open the window and let you hear a few of the concluding shots of the battle. This is Floyd Gibbons speaking. Meanwhile, I will turn the microphone back to Mr. Will Rogers who has revived as it is impossible to kill a radio entertainer by shooting him in the head.

Hello, folks. Now, that is just about the idea that most people have of this city of Chicago that we are here in. They really do, you know. And here we are, a

nice, little, respectable bunch gathered up here in this Wrigley Building, and the city is as peaceful and quiet. It is so still, it is almost disgusting. I couldn't hardly get anybody to come up here tonight and listen to me talk. Everybody in the city has gone to church, you know. Why, this is just a great, big, overgrown home-loving town, that is all.

Of course, they do have these gangs here, and they do kill each other. Well, that is their privilege. In the old days, no one would have gone to any trouble if the Dalton Brothers started to shoot the James Boys, would they? This is really, all kidding aside, one of the greatest cities in the world. Just think of how this city existed here without collecting any taxes for two years. It existed and kept growing. If other cities could grow as fast as this one, they would hire gangs to come and shoot each other. In fact, I was sent here by Los Angeles to find out how they was getting all this population, and I have orders to sign up any of these boys.

Dawes is going to have a wonderful World Fair here in 1933, one of the greatest that has ever been put on. He is going to have one here that will really knock your eye out because when Charlie Dawes does anything, he does it right. And they are going to spend a lot of money and it is going to be a wonderful thing, and by the time the farmers get relief Chicago is going to be the biggest city in the world.

No, sir, now, folks, you are not going to get me coming out here telling any jokes about these racketeers and gangsters or any of that. I arrived in this city intact, and I am going to try to leave likewise, that is all. They are a fine bunch of boys, and they are just trying to distribute good cheer among everybody, that is all. In fact, I am a kind of racketeer myself. I have been accused of having a racket, and I have come to see what their graft is here, and if theirs is any better than mine. If it is, I may join them, that is all. So before the week is over you are liable to see it Capone & Rogers, Incorporated. It is all right to scatter good humor at the expense of the Senate, for they are harmless, but these boys carry a gun. But you know these gangsters here, they are just big, misunderstood kids, that is all they are.

You know, when you published your census report, that is what knocked this country cuckoo, when Chicago published the census report. That made the whole world get up and take notice, it really did. Just think, you had almost four million people here, three and three-quarter millions, pretty nearly four million people Chicago had here. And you know, of course, you shoot a lot of people here, but you breed a lot too. Your breeding so overshadows your shooting that you have no cause for worry at all. It is only when your marksmanship excels your propagation that you want to start to worry, you know. Not only here in Chicago but all over the country this so-called "better element" is trying to do something to combat bootlegging and corruption. Now, I am not an authority and I am not even a member of any Commission, but the only way I know of to stop this whole thing all over the country is for the "better element" to stop drinking. Without customers, these boys couldn't exist for a week. Good night.

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SQUIBB COD-LIVER OIL

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